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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

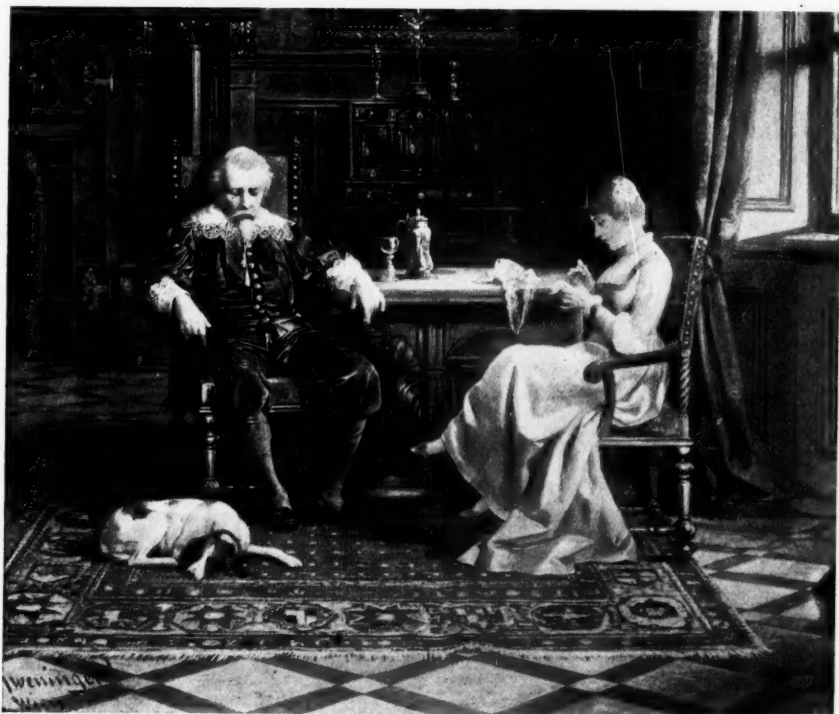
Notes upon some of the men who are making the history of contemporary art in Europe and America, with engravings of representative pictures of the day.

MR. MARKS' REMINISCENCES.

THAT George du Maurier is not the only English artist who can use pen as well as pencil is proved by two recently published volumes of "Pen and Pencil Sketches," written and illustrated by H. S. Marks. The author tells the story of his own life, and of the artistic

movement of which he has been a part, in a style that has much vividness and some humor.

In his reminiscences of his early days he strives to picture the life of the young London painters of thirty or forty years ago, as Du Maurier pictured the old time Quartier Latin. The latter had the



"An Evening at Home."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by C. Schuening.

more brilliant background for his canvas; yet Marks' sketches are by no means uninteresting. He tells of the sale of his first picture—a never to be forgotten incident in an artist's career; of the Bohemian days when among his playmates and work mates were several names since famous; of the "Gridirons"—a little club of "coming men" who met together for mutual criticism and assistance, and sometimes for a schoolboy-like jollification. Philip H. Calderon was the head of the brotherhood; Marks, George Leslie, Yeames, and George Storey were its leading lights, while George du Maurier and Fred Walker—the original of *Little Billee* in "Trilby"—joined it later as honorary members.

On one of their picnics the Gridirons attired themselves as a football team returning in shattered condition from the field of action. "One had a patch over his eye," Mr.



Henry Stacy Marks, R. A.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



Frederick Stuart Church, N. A.

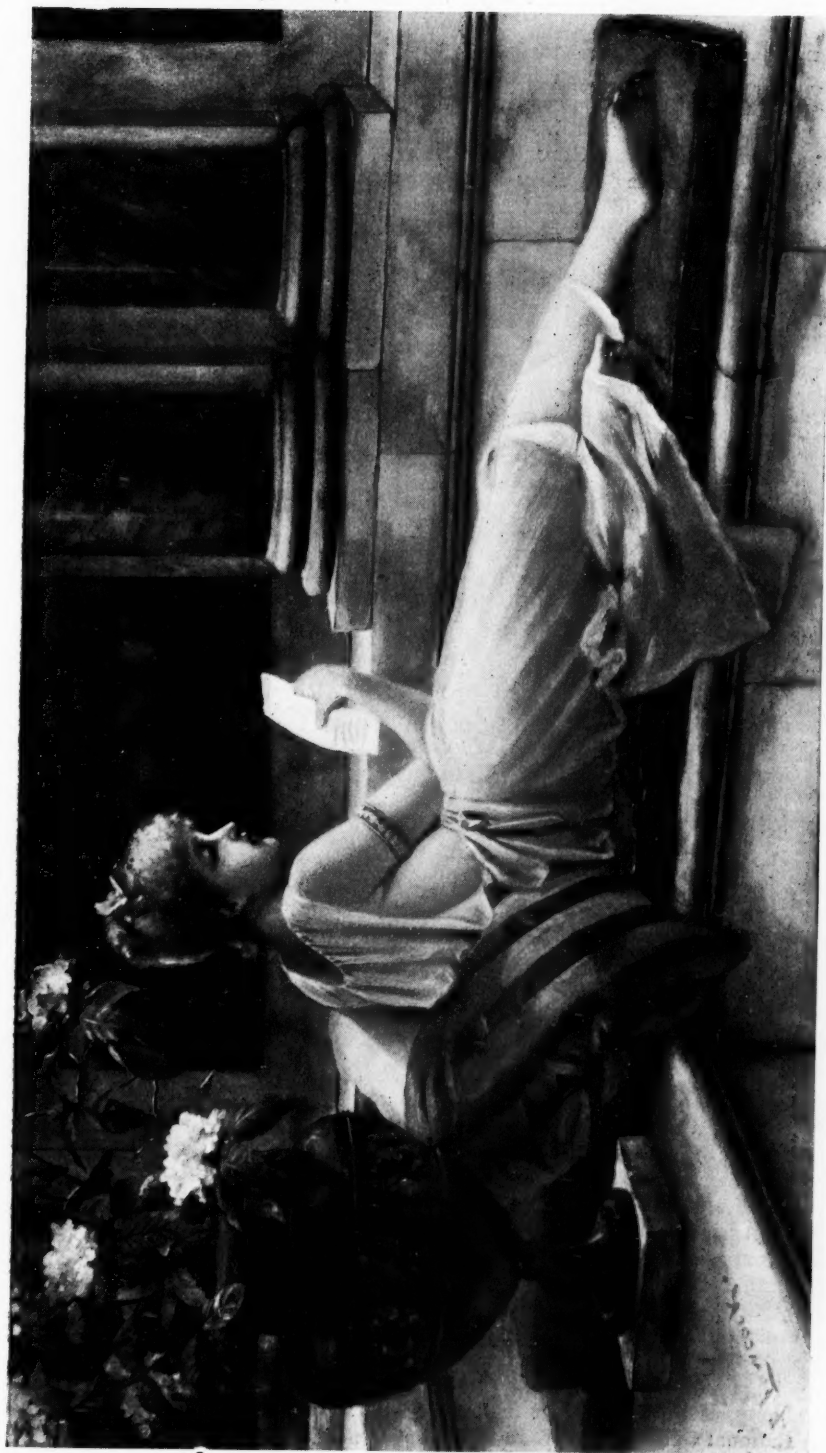
From a photograph by Puch, New York.

Marks says; "one walked lamely with two sticks, another with one; there were some arms in slings. Leslie and Walker, playing tin whistles, headed this procession of cripples, which walked, limped, and hobbled" into a Thames-side village, to the astonishment of the natives.

Nowadays Mr. Marks is one of the veterans of that dignified body, the Royal Academy, and is known as the painter of a long list of successful pictures and mural decorations.

A PAINTER OF THE ORIENT.

FREDERICK GOODALL is another veteran English Academician. He is best known as a painter of oriental life—of the desert with its palm trees, wells, camels, and Bedouins; of the eastern cities with their mosques.



"The Love Letter."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by G. F. Lomock.

and minarets, and the picturesque squalor that dwells amid the relics of their ancient grandeur; but he has done all kinds of artistic work in his long career. His father, Edward Goodall, an engraver eminent in his day, early im-

posed that he first visited Egypt, where he found the field that has since given his brush most of its themes. At seventy two he is still a regular Academy exhibitor, and a painter of canvases that are excellent in composition and technique,



Ulysse Butin.

From the portrait by E. Duez.

pressed upon his son the value of latitude in study. He set the boy to make landscape sketches in summer, to draw from models and casts in winter, and varied the curriculum with such incidentals as a course in anatomy and repeated visits to the Zoological Gardens.

Young Goodall's genius was a precocious one. At seventeen he exhibited successfully at the Royal Academy; at twenty he painted a picture that confirmed his reputation, and which is now in the National Gallery. It was in 1858

though he has never done much better work than that of his early days.

ULYSSE BUTIN.

DUEZ and Butin are two of the many Parisian painters whose work is well known to connoisseurs, but of whom the outside world sees little. The two may be classed together as personal friends and as kindred spirits in art. Each won his reputation with paintings whose background was found on the picturesque northern coast of France. Butin



"The Fisher Boy and the Sea Nymphs."
From the painting by Wilhelm Kroy.



"The Noontday Rest."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by F. Kraus.

built a seaside studio at Villerville some years ago, where much of his work has been done. As is shown in the characteristic portrait painted by his friend Duez, his days in summer are spent upon the beach, making the studies of fisher folk and their life that serve as documents for his finished compositions.

One winter, Butin was in Paris, painting a picture for the Salon—a Norman peasant woman sculling a fishing boat

—when he found his sketches were not sufficiently elaborate to enable him to be certain of accuracy in the details of his subject. It was impossible to work upon the seashore at that time of the year, so he decided to bring the seashore to his studio. He had a fishing boat sent to Paris, procured an authentic costume, and set a Quartier Latin model, who had never seen the sea, to pose, oar in hand, upon the thwarts. The picture



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"Saved!"

From the painting by H. Sperling—By permission of the Berlin Photographische Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

was successfully completed and attracted great admiration in the Salon.

F. S. CHURCH AND HIS WORK.

No living artist is more thoroughly original than Frederick Stuart Church, the painter of those strange compositions



Frederick Goodall, R. A.

wherein the birds of the air and the beasts of the field bow to the spell of some pure and graceful type of maidenhood; compositions that might be called weird and bizarre were not their singularity of conception overshadowed by their exquisite and ethereal beauty. Their author's inspiration is all his own. He is almost a self taught painter; he follows no master and leads no school.

Thirty odd years ago, in an express office in Chicago, there was a boy of fifteen whom his fellow clerks called "the art chap," because in every leisure moment his pencil was busy. The war interrupted young Church's artistic ambition, for he shouldered a rifle and marched

to the front. At its close he went back to the express office for long enough to earn money to pay for some drawing lessons. Then, taking the only opening he could find, he got a place as draftsman for an engraver of machinery. Next he found slightly more congenial occupa-

tion as illustrator of a watch company's comic annual; but it was not until he was well past thirty that he won recognition for his serious work. Since that time his success has been as marked as it was hardly earned and well deserved. Mr. Church spends most of the year in his New York studio, at the top of a building on upper Broadway. He does not range the globe in search of material—for where, indeed, on land or sea could he find such scenes as the fairy visions he shows us? He need go no further than Central Park for studies of animal life, and the bears, lions, and tigers of the local menagerie have figured in many of his pictures.

ARTISTS' MODELS.

No one knows exactly how many people there are in New York who make a business of posing for artists. Some painters say there are not more than a hundred of them, some that there are five or six times that number.

It is probable that the cream of the profession—for in its higher aspect it certainly is a profession, demanding skill and experience, and earning a fairly good compensation—consists of about a hundred men and women, chiefly the latter. Their clients are our first rate artists, those who have been above the pressure of "hard times" which has borne so severely upon many of the artistic fraternity. The rank and file of the workers for the periodical press have been obliged to discharge their models, or put them upon "short time"; but the few who have that combination of physical and mental gifts that makes the skilful and sympathetic poser—these always find their services in demand.



"A Bulgarian Girl."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by K. Dietz.



"The Lovers."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographie Company from the painting by C. Schweninger.

Some of them have become almost famous—notably Miss Minnie Clarke, from whom Charles D. Gibson drew his oft repeated type of the American girl. Miss Callahan is a model who has appeared in many of William M. Chase's pictures, and whom Mr. Chase is said to consider indispensable to his work. These are exceptions to the rule that a model's name and address are regarded as something of a professional secret.

The "living pictures" are said to have drawn many models from the studios to the theater. One from whom Napoleon Sarony has made some of his

clever studies of the nude is named as having displayed her symmetry in these somewhat risqué stage tableaux. Last summer, when half a dozen living picture companies were organized in New York to "take the road," something like a panic in the model market was threatened for a time.

It may seem a strange profession to those who know nothing of the life of the studios; but on a closer acquaintance it loses its aspect of supposed Bohemianism and romance, and becomes a mere commonplace, prosaic, and reputable matter of business.



"Evening in the Highlands of Norway."



A CHANGE

Have you seen the full moon
Drift behind a cloud,
Hiding all of nature
In a dusky shroud ?

Have you seen the light snow
Change to sudden rain,
And the virgin streets grow
Black as ink again ?



Have you seen the ashes,
When the flame is spent,
And the cheerless hearthstone,
Grim and eloquent ?

Have you seen the ball room,
When the dance is done,
And its tawdry splendor
Meets the morning sun ?

Dearest, all these pictures
Cannot half portray
How my life has altered
Since you've gone away!

Henry Romaine

THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS.

The historical past and the ignoble present of the royal line of Bourbon—The descendants of King Louis Philippe, the vast wealth he bequeathed them, and their claims of "divine right" to the throne of France.

By Thomas C. Quinn.

IT is a pity that the lightning of "divine right" should have played around the heads of the princes of the house of Orleans. They would have been better men without it, and surely they would have been rich enough, for

the descendants of Louis Philippe could not easily have escaped the money getting instinct.

If the eyes of the late Count of Paris had not been dazzled from time to time by visions of the royal bauble, he would



The Late Count of Paris.

Drawn by Jacques Reich from a photograph by Fuch, New York.



The Countess of Paris.

From a photograph by Watery, London.

have been a very useful citizen of the French or any other republic. As it was, he became only a sort of royal Micawber waiting for his mislaid crown to "turn up," and secretly praying, if he knew himself, that it would continue lost. Even if he was an aristocrat by birth, he was a democrat by nature, as truly as was Andrew Jackson himself. Imagine a real, dead in earnest claimant to a throne so free and unaffected that, when any one presented to him showed a disposition to greet him ceremoniously, with uncovered head, as "your royal highness," he would say, with a

pleasant smile: "Please put on your hat," and then would ask how all the old friends were! Yet many Americans who met the count on his second visit to this country in 1890, or knew him when he, with his brother, the Duke of Chartres, was on the staff of General McClellan in our civil war, will recall just such democratic actions.

In Europe, of course, the count had to live up to the dignity of a pretender to the French crown, but the royal cloak was not quite large enough to conceal his republican character. There is an old saying that one kingly defect is of more use than a hundred homely virtues. The Count of Paris was a gentleman, a soldier, and a scholar; he could write well, and could talk without egotism; he had no genius for intrigue; he was honest enough to acknowledge mistakes, and commonplace enough to live happily with his own wife. He was really too good to be attractive as a man of destiny.

It is true that his son, the present head of the house, Prince Robert, Duke of Orleans, seems unlikely to fall into his father's errors of virtue and conventionality. Already, at twenty six years of age, he has something of a reputation as a gallant, with the force of character to ignore his plighted troth; and only a month or two ago, while safe in England, and surrounded by ardent royalist supporters, he is reported to have burst into tears, exclaiming: "Exile killed my father. I will endure anything rather than inaction. I will risk my head to return to France, and if I am fortunate enough to reign, I will

risk my head rather than be driven out!"

The Duke of Orleans evidently understands better than his father the quality of a king, but he has the greatest task before him that a pretender ever faced. The French republic is almost as old in years as he is himself, and has quite as much of a head to risk. He should remember that his father was the fourth titular monarch of France who has died in exile since the Revolution, not to



Louis XIII,

The King of France from whom the Orleans princes trace their descent.



Philippe Egalité,
Fifth in descent from Louis XIII.

count the Bonaparte princes, all of whom ended their days crownless in foreign lands.

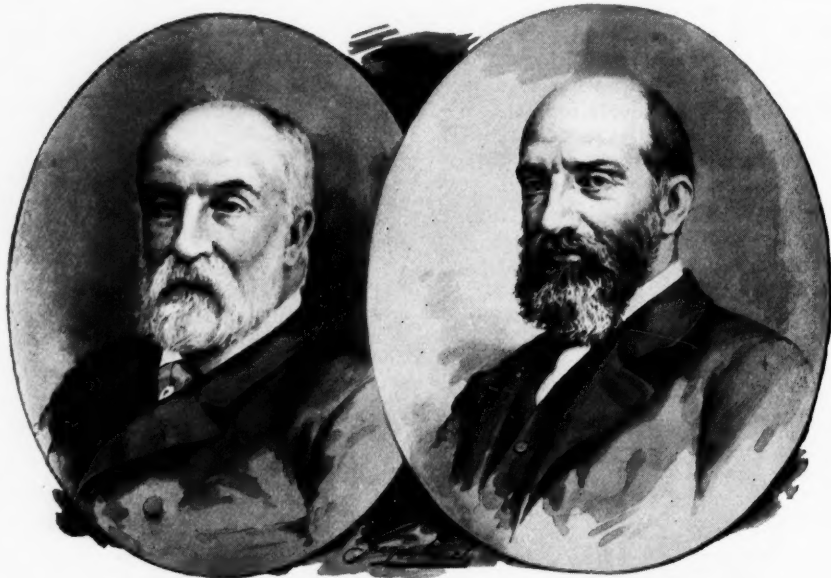
The best informed thinkers believe that the only chance of Prince Robert, or any other prince of his line, to rule France, came and passed shortly after his birth. It was in 1871, when the empire of Napoleon III went down. The opportunity was lost through the hereditary avarice of the family, some say; through the nobility, say others, of the brilliant fifth son of



Louis Philippe, The "Citizen King,"
Son of Philippe Egalité.

Louis Philippe, the Duke of Aumale, whose natural gifts had already won him a place among the real royalty of France, the "forty immortals" of the Academy. It is known that the Orleans family, at this crucial time in their country's history, accepted the huge sum of \$8,750,000 out of an already depleted treasury

As to the present head of the house of Orleans, whatever may be thought of his abilities or possibilities, he is the incarnation of the royalist sentiment of France. A view of the family tree that bears his claim is interesting. So long as the Count of Chambord was alive, the Orleans princes could not lay claim



The Duke of Montpensier,
Fifth Son of King Louis Philippe.

The Prince of Joinville,
Third Son of King Louis Philippe.

in payment for their estates confiscated by Louis Napoleon. Such pocket filling patriotism was most unfortunate in pretenders, if they aspired to anything more than pretense. Gold filling will keep that respectable for generations.

The story which, to American eyes, reflects credit on Aumale, is told by General Fleury. He says that the duke held the military power to place his nephew, the Count of Paris, on the throne when events were most propitious for the attempt; but that he refused to foment civil war, or even to sacrifice a drop of his countrymen's blood, to promote his family's ambitions. Self restraint such as that, if the story shall bear the scrutiny of history, will in the coming time make the name of Aumale honored above that of an Alexander or a Napoleon.

to the crown by hereditary right. Chambord was the direct heir in the male line of both Louis XIV and Louis XV of France. His father, the Duke of Berri, son of Charles X, was assassinated in 1820, as he was handing his wife to her carriage outside the Paris Opéra. The murderer's motive was to extinguish the Bourbon race of rulers, of which Berri was apparently the last hope. The act was futile, however, for seven months after a son was born to the widowed duchess, and was called the Count of Chambord. He died both crownless and childless, in 1883.

Before his death the Orleans branch had aspired to rulership, and had actually reached the throne to which for generations it had stood near. The first Duke of Orleans was the only brother of the "grand monarque,"



The Duke of Nemours.
Second Son of King Louis Philippe.

Louis XIV, and his son and namesake ruled France as regent during Louis XV's minority. The regent's great-grandson was the notorious Egalité, the royal demagogue who voted for the death of his cousin, the sixteenth Louis, only to fail in his flirtation with the forces of the Revolution, and to lose his head by the guillotine. In that same year, 1793, Egalité's son, Louis Philippe, a youth of twenty, already known as a brilliant soldier, fled from France a proscribed exile. For twenty years he wandered the world; at one time, it is said, he taught languages in Philadelphia for fifteen dollars a week—and saved money out of his salary.

Then Napoleon fell, and the Bourbons were restored in the person of Louis Philippe's cousin, Louis XVIII. The exiled prince gave up searching for pupils in America to devote himself to the more lucrative work of searching out the great estates that had belonged, rightly or wrongly, to his ancestors before the Revolution. He had sufficient influence at court to have these ruthlessly confiscated from their holders, and restored to him. In 1830, when the revolution of July drove the reigning family from the throne, and his countrymen decided upon a "citizen king," the emergency found Louis Philippe a rich and available candidate for the

post. He held it for eighteen years before the Paris populace—that maker and unmaker of dynasties—tired of him, and, disregarding his resignation in favor of his grandson, the Count of Paris, set up the second French republic.

of all kingly houses, the Bourbons of France.

Notwithstanding the faults which ambition fostered in them, the Orleans princes have always been nearer to American hearts than has any other



The Duke of Aumale,
Fourth Son of King Louis Philippe.

Since that time the Orleans princes have been merely pretenders. At first their claim was, by right of descent, secondary to that of the elder royal line; but in 1883 the death of the Count of Chambord removed the last direct descendant, in the male line, of Louis XIV, and left the younger branch as sole representatives of the "divine right" possessed or claimed by the most historic

royal family. They were of the Bourbon blood of that ruler of France to whose interest in the American colonies the success of the Revolution was due. Louis XVI was the heart and soul of the combination of continental powers that opposed England, and refused to accept peace without the condition that the United States should be recognized as free and independent.



Prince Henry,
Son of the Duke of Chartres.

It was at the court of Louis Philippe that General Lewis Cass, of Michigan, repeated the triumphs of Franklin. Through the efforts of Cass, who was the trusted friend of the king, Louis Philippe refused to approve the quintuple treaty, and the right of search claimed by Great Britain was not codified in the law of nations.

It was while Michigan's great envoy was at the French court that the Count of Paris was born, the first son of Philippe's eldest son, Ferdinand of Orleans. A little over twenty years later, the count and his brother, the Duke of Chartres, came to America in company with their uncle, the Prince of Joinville, and became attached to the Army of the Potomac. Here they proved both their soldierly and their social qualities. With Colonel John Jacob Astor and Count Von Hammerstein, an Austrian cavalry officer, they set up a mess for themselves with a French caterer, that cost each man about \$5,000 a month, and spread

among McClellan's staff officers a trouble usually unknown in army life—indigestion. As each man of the four was serving the country without pay, life *à la* Delmonico could not fairly be denied them.

Shortly after his return to France, the Count of Paris married his first cousin, Isabella of Orleans, daughter of his father's brother, the Duke of Montpensier. Of the Countess of Paris the Count Paul Vasile says: "She has no history, and is therefore blessed." Or, her history is reduced to this: she loved her husband and her children. She still lives at Stowe House in England, where, two months ago, she closed her husband's eyes in death.

The present pretender, the Duke of Orleans, has announced his intention of opening a house in London, where his inherited wealth will enable him to wear the shadow of a crown, framed in the sunshine of the devotion of as many courtiers as he can afford. His "princes of the blood" will be his younger brother, Prince Ferdinand, now about ten years old, and his first cousin,



The Duke of Chartres,
Brother of the late Count of Paris.



Louis Philippe Robert, Duke of Orleans, and Claimant of the French Throne.

Imprisoned at Clairvaux in 1830 for his defiance of the decrees of banishment.

Prince Henry of Orleans, son of the Duke of Chartres.

The eldest daughter of the Count of Paris is the present Queen of Portugal. She resembles her mother, and was brought up very simply in England. Her marriage smacks of the romantic. The Duke of Braganza had made up his regal mind to have a pretty wife or none, and the available princesses of reigning families were not of remarkable beauty. A match making relative showed him a photograph of the Princess Amélie. Very soon after, the prince

came to Paris, and the charming original of the picture became his queen.

The Orleans family is represented in many other courts of Europe. A daughter of the Duke of Chartres is a princess of Denmark; and a son of the Duke of Nemours, the oldest living uncle of the Count of Paris, would have been Emperor Consort of the Brazils but for the revolution a few years ago. Another grandson of Louis Philippe is Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is now busily engaged in founding what promises to be a stable throne in the Balkans.



"He who Sang to One Clear Harp in Divers Tones."

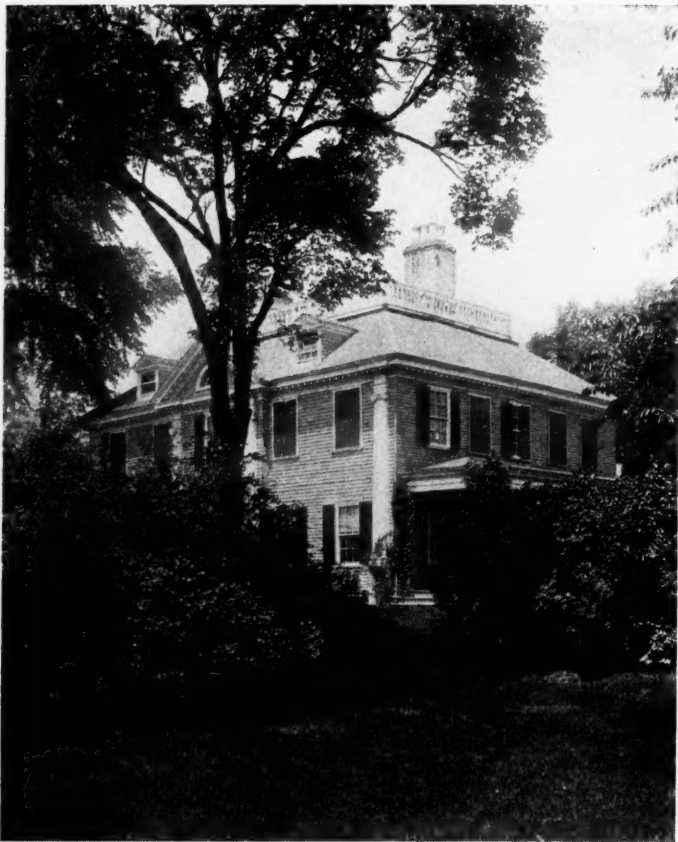
THE POET OF THE PEOPLE.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the most famous and most widely read of all American poets—His personality, his learning, his wide range of themes, and his wonderful power of telling stories in song.

By George Holme.

WRITING in a day of story telling poets, Longfellow stood easily in the front rank as a story teller if not as a poet. As a poet he cannot be classed with Tennyson or Browning. He had none of their high ideality or dramatic power, but he had something which to the world at large is just as valuable. He could sweep the chords of daily human experience, could find the sweetness and the beauty in commonplace,

every day human life. His art of expression may not have struck the highest or the lowest notes, but the harmony was perfect, without ever a false tone, and the universal human heart responds to its music. He had a high purpose, and he wrote nothing which did not contain the charm of poetry; but it was the song of the commonplace and conventional. This commonplace song has found a niche in every household in America.



Longfellow's House in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Longfellow's life, from the very beginning, moved on even lines. Both he and William Cullen Bryant were descendants of John Alden, whose courtship Longfellow made famous; and the Longfellows were a race equally peaceful and honest. There are no romantic stories to tell of his youth. He went to school with Nathaniel Willis and Seba Smith, and other boys who even at that early age were thinking more of verse making than pleasure.

He graduated at Bowdoin College with Nathaniel Hawthorne, J. S. C. Abbott, Jonathan Cilley, and George McCheever, and was almost at once asked to accept a chair among his professors.

One of the clever men who were his associates in those early days said that he was waiting to see some great event

break down the classic walls that surrounded Longfellow, and let his genius loose. But those walls were adamant. The civil war came with its tumult of the nation's heart, and left Longfellow calm. His beautiful wife was burned before his eyes, and it left him sad.

Neither event showed to any appreciable extent in his work. He never owned a style of his own growing out of an appreciation of nature, like Bryant's. He was a man of books, who assimilated their contents, and in a manner digested what he found there, fashioned it anew, preached sermons upon the texts, and sent the material out again. He was not a plagiarist, but one who wrote out of the accumulated knowledge of others.

Few people who have read "Evangeline" but once can criticise it, because



"The Sailing of the Mayflower."

From the painting by A. W. Bayes.

"Sun illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail."

they have rushed through it for the sake of the story. This story was a gift from Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had heard of the young couple of Acadia, and who had kept them in mind, intending to weave their story into a romance. The forcible deportation of eighteen thousand French people from their own homes touched Hawthorne as it never could

Longfellow had never visited the Acadian valley. "Evangeline" was as popular in England as it was in America. Artists painted pictures of the heroine, and admired the poet, who was called the head of American literature. His conventional habits of thought and his story telling faculty were appreciated by the great public on both sides of the At-



The Home of Evangeline.

"Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré."

have touched Longfellow until it was put before him as literature.

"Evangeline" was brought out in the same year with Tennyson's "Princess," and disputed the palm with it in the minds of many. Perhaps more people have read and enjoyed "Evangeline" than have understood "The Princess." Longfellow's narrative is given with a charming simplicity, and his pictures of the new world's early days are perfect. It is the real French village of Grand Pré which is put before us, and it is the real colonial Louisiana, and not a poetic dream. But it was a picture drawn from what other men had seen.

lantic. They created something the man who was not "literary" could understand; something not too elusive, not too artistic.

Longfellow always suggested somebody else. In the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," which shows his story telling talent at its best, he reminds us of both Chaucer and Boccaccio. In this poem the story tellers were portraits. The *Musician* was Ole Bull. The *Sicilian* was Professor Luigi Monti, who dined every Sunday with Longfellow; the *Youth*, Dr. Henry W. Wales; the *Theologian* was the poet's brother, and the *Poet*, Thomas William Parsons.



Evangeline.

From the painting by Thomas Faed.

"She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman."

The stories here told are gathered from the literature of all countries. Longfellow lived abroad for several years at different times, and saturated himself with foreign languages and literatures. He was never an American poet in the truest sense, even when he was writing upon American subjects. We think of him as the poet of the Pilgrims, and the story of the Mayflower will always come back to us through his presentation; but even here he writes with a foreign education molding his expressions, and tells of the grim trials of his forebears, with more thought of "what will be thought of it over the ocean," as a poem, than of singing to the American people the song of their nation's birth.

The valuation which was given to Longfellow's poetry by his contemporaries is most interesting. To the Craigie house in Cambridge, where he lived, came almost every man in America who was known to letters. Charles Sumner, who was one of Longfellow's oldest and most devoted friends, had a most extravagant opinion of the poet. He often told that the "Psalm of Life" had saved one man he knew from suicide. The fellow was in the depths of misery when he came upon the unsigned poem in a scrap of newspaper. Hawthorne valued Longfellow, but then Hawthorne was not a critic, but a genius who saw everything through the mist of his own imagination.

But there was another genius who

called upon the public to witness his prophecy that there would be no future for Longfellow's poetry. This was the young Edgar Allen Poe, then the critic of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He wrote of "Hyperion":

"Works like this of Professor Longfellow are the triumphs of Tom o' Bedlam and the grief of all true criticism. They are patent in unsettling the popular faith in art. That such things suc-

"We must confess to a coolness towards Mr. Longfellow in consequence of the exaggerated praises that have been bestowed upon him. When we see a person of moderate powers receive honors which should be reserved for the highest, we feel something like assailing him, and taking from him the crown which should be reserved for grander brows. It may be that the management of his publishers has



The Certosa of Pavia.

"Loud the convent bell appalling
From its belfry calling, calling."

ceed at all is attributable to the fact that there exist men of genius who indite them; that men of genius ever indite them is attributable to the fact that they are the most indolent of human beings. To the writers of these things we say: All ethics lie, and all history lies, or the world shall forget ye and your works. We dismiss 'Hyperion' in brief. We grant him high qualities, but deny him the *future*. Without design, without shape, without beginning, middle, or end, what earthly object has his book accomplished?"

Margaret Fuller joined with Poe in his opinion. She wrote criticisms—undoubtedly without jealousy or malice—for the *Tribune*, in which she said:

raised him to a place above one he would wish to claim. We the more readily believe this of Mr. Longfellow, as one so sensible to the beauties of other writers, and so largely indebted to them, *must* know his comparative rank better than his readers have known it."

After all, what did his friends claim for him beyond the fact that he touched the heart of humanity? Was not that sufficient? He aimed to reach the feelings of men and women, and he succeeded. He has probably been more read than any poet except the Psalmist. And in spite of the caustic predictions of Poe, his literary immortality is assured as one who sang not for a class but for all his fellow men.

DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

A sketch of the man who for two years has been the most salient force in the life of New York City—His picturesque personelity—His purposes as defined by himself.

By Harold Parker.

JUST twenty years ago a young man was called to preach in the little town of Lenox, Massachusetts. The sermons he preached there were heard in New York, and New York commanded him. He had attended to his pastoral work in the metropolis for more than ten years, when he was

chosen president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. He had occupied this office for a full year, when, in February, 1892, he delivered a sermon on municipal corruption, the echoes of which still reverberate throughout the English speaking world. The work thus inaugurated was not hastily, spas-



Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst in His Pulpit.

Sketched from life by Jacques Reich.

modically undertaken, but was accepted as the duty next at hand by one who had been prepared for the task by experience and natural gifts.

So unique a figure in our modern

is inherently less sensational, nor yet capable of creating greater sensations among men. His career has not been marked by that steady growth that might be likened to a coral reef, which,



The Madison Square Presbyterian Church (Dr. Parkhurst's).

Drawn by Louis M. Glackens.

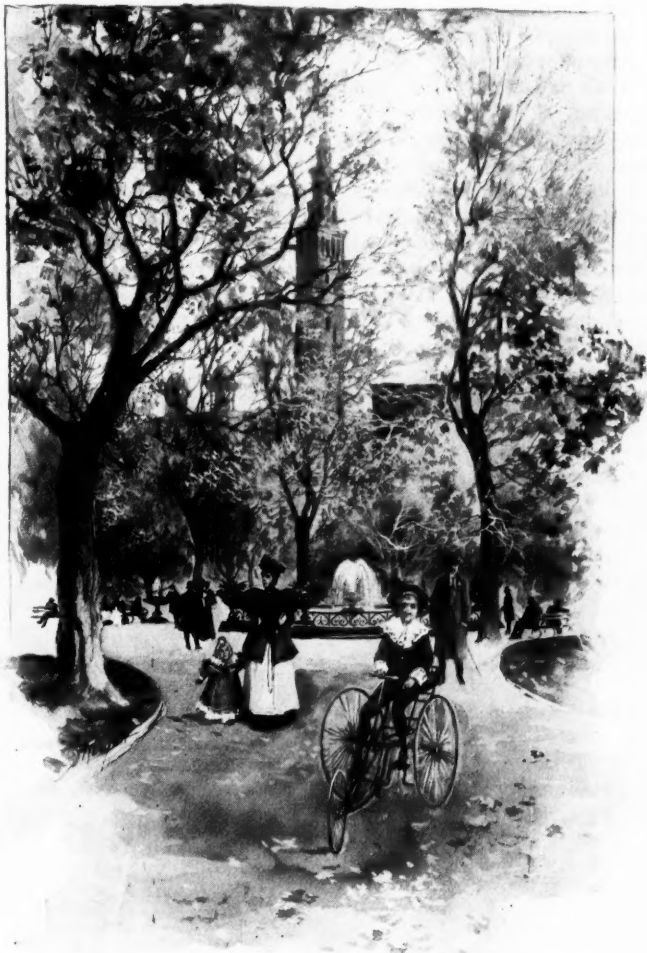
civilization is Charles H. Parkhurst that a conventional biography of him would be impossible. The man is original to his finger tips. Ordinary lines of criticism fail to meet his case at any point. His life is a succession of continual surprises, even to himself. Not that he is in any sense the creature of impulse, or in any sense wavering or uncertain. But no character in history

beginning with a tiny stone laid upon the floor of the southern ocean, is increased by other tiny stones, with mathematical regularity. He resembles rather a sublime volcano, the forces ever working within, but giving external evidence only by periodical outbursts that are awful in their majesty. The comparison is not hyperbolic, for this delicate organization, almost effeminate

in its refinement, has, by its wonderful temerity and pure singleness of purpose, opened in the modern world a vein of thought and purpose, the end of which no man can foresee.

It has been said that the test of great-

path themselves. They have not yet grasped the meaning of the man. He is still far beyond them; but he is teaching them to grow up to him. Men are either Parkhurst or anti-Parkhurst. There is no middle ground.



In Madison Square, in Front of Dr. Parkhurst's Church.

Drawn by Charles M. Relyea.

ness is the effect of character on the emotions of men. Dr. Parkhurst is loved and hated. He is hated with a phenomenal intensity that is appalling in its malignity. Strange to say, among the legion of the wicked he has many admirers, while he is bitterly denounced by many men who walk in the straight

This power of exciting the most conflicting emotions in men who agree on ordinary matters, Dr. Parkhurst shares with the greatest men in history. Napoleon was a conspicuous example of it, and in late years our own General Grant.

The reason for the deep admiration and

strong love, in many cases, of the criminal element whose ardent foe he is, is not difficult to discover.

It lies in the man's phenomenal courage.

His positive enemies, as well as his negative friends, admit it. The man knows not fear. Standing absolutely alone, he voluntarily took on his shoulders the most troublesome burden of modern times. Like Antæus, whose strength was renewed every time he was dashed to earth, Dr. Parkhurst has grown with the growth of his burden. The reason for his strength is obvious to a student of his character.

Imbued with the innocence of a child, he possesses the sublime optimism of a moral philosopher. He has no doubt whatever of the justness of his



cause, and the ultimate success of his work. Listen to his words on the reform of cities:

"Our great American cities are now a hissing and a byword, but there is a way out of the wilderness, and it is to be found in the manly, patriotic action of Christian ministers and Christian people. There is always a day after today,

and whoever declares that our municipal politics cannot be redeemed is a traitor to his race."

A word about his personality. He is of Puritan stock, born in Framingham, Massachusetts. He is a little below the



Dr. Parkhurst at His Desk.

Sketched from life by Jacques Reich.

average size. He is clean limbed, well groomed. His every action is graceful, indicating perfect health. The bright eyes beneath his spectacles are always intelligently observant, without being vulgarly inquisitive. There is breeding here. The man is a gentleman.

His intellectual graces are many and various. The educational influence of Halle, Leipsic, and Bonn, in addition to his American grounding, have added polish to a naturally graceful and cultivated mind. As a preacher he is unique. Had he embraced literature as a profession, he would certainly have walked with those in the upper realms of sweetness and light.

In his sermons he shows that he possesses the art of seeming to think without effort, continuity being given by a kind of subtle thread that is seen only at intervals. His discourse seems a collection of sparkling, forceful epigrams and picturesque sentences, but when carefully considered the effort is found to be a complete, coherent, cumulative whole, each thought attaching to the other, supporting and amplifying it. The unexpected usually mingles to an extent just enough to brighten and beautify the panorama that passes before the mental vision of the auditor.

His influence with women is great because he is masterful. He is unlike most men in that the great fact of sex never obtrudes itself upon him. He meets both sexes upon the common ground of humanity. Conventional social ethics stand not in his way. "My woman hearer," he says, "if you are a Christian, what makes you holy is that you have been washed in the blood of the Lamb; it isn't that you have always been eminently respectable, that you have never fallen into ways of gross depravity, never had any experience that is coarse and depraved; but that you have been washed in the blood of the Lamb. Now, if your fallen sister has been washed in that blood, why let the foulness that was upon her before she was cleansed destroy for you the fact of her personal holiness now that she has been cleansed? You believe that the blood of Christ has redeemed you; who

are you that you indulge the impudent thought that His blood is insufficient to redeem her?"

As radical in some of his views as Tolstōi, he preaches a radical Christ:—

"The more cordially and unreservedly we give ourselves into our Lord's meanings and intention, the more thoroughly we become convinced of His intense radicalism. Radicalism is not a word that would probably find a great deal of favor with the majority of a congregation made up as this congregation is; but radicalism is the only word that will speak the thought I am trying to utter. Only let us understand by radicalism, always, not a headstrong and insane abandonment of the ground proper to be covered by intelligence and reason, but rather the pushing of intelligence and reason to the very utmost of their possibilities, and getting clear down to the roots of the matter. That is what radicalism means—roots. It is in that sense that Jesus Christ was the most inconsiderate and aggressive radical that ever stirred society into irrepressible revolution."

Like most robust teachers, his method is direct. His discourse is honeycombed with epigrams, many of which would not discredit a clerical Rochefoucauld. He says:

"We could illustrate by taking the instance of a man who ought to be in jail. You probably have acquaintances of that kind; not simply men who ought to be in jail, but men who you suspect, or even know, ought to be in jail. Very likely there is not a social circle represented here this morning but would be measurably contracted if every candidate for prison distinction met his deserts. But the only point I want to make is that while you will, quite probably, treat with courtesy and social hospitality a man whom you have reason to believe criminal, up to the moment when he dons the striped suit furnished by the State, you have no hospitality for him after the suit comes off."

Dr. Parkhurst does not run in grooves. His early education precluded the possibility of conventionality. "As the most fortunate feature of my early life," he

says, "I regard the fact that I was not sent much to school. By this means I was not so bound down to the continuous, day after day enslavement to school discipline as to render it irksome, and cause me to hate books and scholarship. My father and mother looked after my education until I was sixteen years old."

Like many eminent men, he owes much to the influence his mother exerted on his life. She was a woman of superior intelligence and high purpose. Like all boys he had his ideal of excellence which he strove to equal. "Aside from my home training," he has said, "I regard the most salient influence of my life as coming from my fortunate association with the late President Julius Seelye at the time that I was a student. His was a strong, rich nature, and—well, he left his impress upon me, that's all there is to it."

Dr. Parkhurst has formulated his reformatory creed. When asked recently what was the ultimate purpose in his municipal crusade he said: "That's a question upon which we wish to be clearly understood. Our only purpose for the present is the breaking of the collusion between the officials and the criminal classes. After that there are a great many questions that will have to be taken up, and each

will have to be considered and settled independently upon its own individual basis. There are the excise question and the "social evil" question, but we have consistently and persistently refused to be drawn from our main work into a premature discussion of them. This is not a crusade against particular vices; it is a crusade against a condition of things wherein men receive one salary for enforcing the law, and another salary for fostering the violation of the law. In accomplishing this purpose we shall steadily refuse to be led away upon subordinate issues. When our public life shall have been purified, it will be time to undertake other desirable works."

Whatever of weakness Dr. Parkhurst has springs from his intense humanity. He fights in the arena of life, man to man. He is a typical American; in his view, a drop of action is more beneficial than an ocean of theory. This man stands out among his fellows. History and the verdict of mankind will do him full justice. His faults are but as a setting to the nobility of his nature, which rises—

Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though 'round its base the lowering clouds
may spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

BELATED.

I SENT Love forth on a winter night;
White stretched the moor in the cold starlight;
He sped, steel shod, o'er the frozen crust,
And bore the gift of my heart in trust.
The drifted snow on her threshold lay;
She slept unheeding—Love turned away.

I sent Love into a spicy wood;
Slant sunbeams lighted its solitude;
A wild bird warbled his roundelay,
And two forms paced in the leafy way.
Their footfalls sank in the warm, soft mold;
Love came back with his tale untold.

I sent Love out in the autumn rain
That plashed and pelted my window pane;
The wind stripped branches uneasy tossed,
The brown, drenched moor not a creature crossed.
Love stayed long questing—my heart misgave;
He brought a flower from her far off grave.

Frances A. Van Santford.

BROTHER BENEDICTUS.

By James Clarence Harvey.

A BRASS crucifix, bent and twisted so that the figure upon it seemed to writhe in the dreadful agony of Calvary, hung upon the wall; and this was the story which had clung to the rood through four long centuries.

Brother Benedictus had owned it in the long ago. It had hung from his girdle as he walked along the cloisters of a monastery, high up the mountain side, and it had known the impassioned clasp of his hands as he knelt in prayer upon the cold stones of the chapel. Among all the brothers of the order, not one was more sincere in self imposed humiliation, more severe in keeping the fasts; and none surpassed him in the multiplicity of his penances.

"He will deserve much in the Great Beyond," said mild mannered Brother Antonius.

"Dark deeds in his past," said austere Brother Correntian, and both were right.

Brother Benedictus was of noble birth. His mother had died when he was but a child. His father, the old count, had watched the studious habits of the boy with alarm, fearing that the church would claim him, and that with him the family name would cease to be, for he was the last of the line. Then had come a time when the young man had met and loved the old count's ward, Cecilia. This too had filled the father with alarm, for he was ambitious for his son, and Cecilia was of humble birth, and sweetness and beauty were her only dower. And so the young heir was sent away; but in all his wanderings his one love held firm and true, and between him and the waywardness of youth the sweet face of Cecilia always rose to check and to strengthen him.

Cecilia was but a child, and her past had been in the hands of her guardian.

She knew that her future was in his hands as well, and when he voiced his disapproval of a union with his son, and urged upon her a marriage with the nobleman whose estates adjoined his own, she yielded, though with heartache and bitter tears.

When the young heir returned, he was stunned by the news of Cecilia's marriage; and for a time he sought solitude and the companionship of holy men. His studies were renewed, and he turned a deaf ear to his father's entreaties that he should marry.

Then came a night when, filled with tender heart thoughts of the past, he had sought their trysting place, and stood beneath the tree where Cecilia had raised her face to his for their betrothal kiss. Filled with memories of those fleeting days, he had cried aloud:

"May God forgive her!"

"May God forgive me," had echoed close at hand.

"Cecilia!"

"Arthur!"

The pale moon, climbing up the sky, sifted showers of silver light upon them as they strove to mask their heart throbs with words breathed low, lest passionate utterance should betray the turbulence within. But words could not disguise the great love each look revealed. Their hearts had met. The forms and ceremonies of the world were to them as the vagaries of some fitful dream, and time sped on, its flight unnoticed.

They loved, and whatever the will of man had accomplished, in the light of heaven these two should have been man and wife.

The meeting had not been of their seeking. Fate had thrown them together; and even though their paths might divide forever, the pain of the future would be lessened by the thought

of that hour. Above them, the branches of the old familiar trees waved as if in benediction. Yet, within the heart of each, there rankled and burned the knowledge that, even though lips were silent, to meet and look into each other's eyes the passion of their lives would be to live beneath the shadow of unpardonable sin.

Suddenly they were startled by a crashing among the tangled underbrush. Harsh words were spoken, and a woman's name was coupled with terms of dishonor. Swords flashed in the moonlight, and the silence was broken by the ring of steel.

Vainly Arthur strove to parley with his frenzied adversary, but his words fell upon unhearing and unmindful ears. No course was left but to give blow for blow, and strike down the assailant; and when again the quiet of the night held sway, Cecilia's husband lay dead upon the ground.

* * * * *

At the monastery of St. Ignatius, the brothers had finished their morning prayers under the benevolent eye of the good Abbot Augustine. The closing words of the blessing were drowned by the clanging of the bell which told of a visitor at the outer gate. When the portal was opened, a man tottered in and fell fainting upon the ground. His clothing was rent in many places. His hands were scratched and bleeding as though he had rushed madly through bush and bramble, forgetful of self, in the delirium of some overmastering emotion.

For many days death seemed to hover near; but the brothers vied with each other in patient care and deeds of kindness, and a time came when the stranger had asked the good abbot to prepare him for a life among them, renouncing the vanities of the world, and striving against the weaknesses of the flesh.

His novitiate had been a faithful one, and because he was noble, unselfish, and earnest, he had been called Benedictus, the blessed. But into the eyes of Brother Benedictus there would come, at times, that same wild look that had filled them

when he had tottered in at the gate; and at other times a look of unutterable longing would be seen there. After these brief periods his penances and fasts were so severe that the abbot remonstrated with him, saying:

"The humiliation of the flesh is better far than following the pathways of the wicked, but it is for us to keep the body fit for the Master's work. Spare yourself, my son. Offer not to the Lord a broken vessel or a bruised reed."

Then the Abbot Augustine had sent Brother Benedictus on a pilgrimage, in the belief that while attending to the duties of the order he would relax the severity of his penances. When the mission was fulfilled, and Benedictus had returned, there came to his ears, at times, rumors of the good deeds performed by one Angelo, a young layman of the third order, who had given his wealth and offered his service to the monastery of St. Ignatius. Angelo's sweetness of disposition, mildness of manner, and consistent piety were known to the brotherhood even though words of praise were withheld.

The pilgrimage of Brother Benedictus had been most salutary. His mind had been occupied with new duties in bright surroundings. Introspection being checked, occupation had tempered his rigor, as the abbot had expected. The dark circles beneath his eyes had disappeared. The emaciation of his face was less noticeable, and the lines of suffering were fading away. Even Benedictus himself realized that a stronger control of his own thoughts had come to him with the new found strength of his physical being.

Kneeling upon the stones of the chapel, one morning, he had remained long after the celebration of the mass. The sun, climbing up the sky, had pierced the oriel window with golden beams that changed to purple and blue and red in passing the stained glass panes above him, and left a flickering halo about the head of the penitent.

"At last! At last!" breathed Benedictus, lifting his face to the altar, in thanksgiving that he had conquered the memories of the past, and the desires of

the human heart within him. But the prayer of thanksgiving froze upon his lips. His clasped hands trembled, and cold beads of perspiration started out upon his forehead as Angelo passed down the aisle with his cowl thrown back.

It was the first time Benedictus had seen the face of the young man. Rising slowly to his feet, he steadied himself with a wandering hand outstretched towards the railing, and with startled amazement gazed after the receding figure.

As it disappeared through the doorway, he extended his arms longingly, and like a cry of pain one word broke from his lips:

"Cecilia!"

The doors opened, as if in answer to his cry, and before him stood the tall, gaunt form of Brother Correntian. Benedictus drey his thin hands across his eyes, and looked again. His lips parted with inaudible words as Correntian neared him, wearing a look of reproach and contempt.

"It is not for the brothers of this order to mingle the desires of the flesh with their prayers before the altar," said the austere Correntian.

"God's mercy is for him who is tempted but does not fall, rather than for him to whom temptation comes not," answered Benedictus as he turned to kneel at the altar rail.

From that day Brother Benedictus renewed his penance and fasts with rigorous austerity, until the dark circles under his eyes grew deeper, and his cheek bones seemed about to pierce the flesh. The abbot watched with alarm this change in the young monk, who was so much beloved by all save Correntian. The beneficial effect of his pilgrimage was remembered, and it was decided that he should again go forth on a mission for the good of the order.

"And to temper the severity of the enthusiast," said the abbot, "let us bid the gentle Angelo to attend him."

The sun had seemed to pause for an instant above the mountain top, and then a shadow had begun to creep down toward the monastery, when Brother Benedictus and his companion set forth,

with their long staves in hand. At a bend in the road they turned to receive a parting blessing from the extended hands of the abbot, who stood beneath the portal of the gate. Then for the first time Benedictus looked into the eyes of Brother Angelo.

"Do you not know that even death might follow the discovery of this violation of the laws of the order?"

"And what is life that I should fear death?" answered Angelo. "To be near him whose life I have blasted, to lighten one single hour, to relieve one moment's pain, is all I ask."

The hands of Brother Benedictus clutched his staff convulsively. At last he said brokenly:

"It may be that a soul devoted to God's work, in penitence and prayer, may yet be saved. It may be that this new trial is but to test the depth of my repentance, but oh, Cecilia, the human heart cries out even while the spiritual nature lifts its prayers to heaven. I pray you, turn away. If needs must be, leave me, and I will follow from afar. God knows the desire of my heart to serve him, and to expiate the madness of that dreadful past, which perhaps it is even now a sin to recall. But to know that within reach of my outstretched hand is all that life held so fondly dear, and to know that eternal damnation must attend the yielding, is too great a pain, even for me, to whom pain has become the attendant of every breath. Leave me, I beg. Let me believe that Cecilia is dead."

The skies had clouded with the suddenness of a mountain storm. Pattering drops of rain fell upon the bared head of Benedictus, but he heeded them not. With eyes bent upon the ground, his face distorted with the intensity of his emotions, he strode forward until Cecilia laid her hand upon his arm.

Benedictus stopped, and clasped his hand upon his averted head.

"Arthur, we must take refuge from this storm. The wind is rising. It is not safe. You have a duty to perform. You cannot throw away the life to which has been intrusted an important mission. See, here is a deserted hut. When the

storm is past, you shall continue alone, if you so will it. It is not for me to bring fresh pain upon you. I have risked all, in the vain hope that I might aid you. I now see how wild was the dream; how impossible the method. Come!"

Weak and trembling, Cecilia led Benedictus beneath the tumbled ruins of the hut; and as the storm grew fiercer, he adjusted the fallen door to keep out the chilling blasts.

Darkness came down upon them, and distant thunder began to roll as the violence of the storm increased. They could hear the crashing of the falling boughs in the forest. The sweeping branches of a mighty tree unroofed their place of refuge, and a blinding glare of lightning seemed to envelop them in living flame. Cecilia shrank within the protecting arms of Benedictus.

No words were spoken as they huddled close to the wall with only a few bits of broken timbers between them and the fury of the gale, but when the lightning bolts seemed to fall close at hand the man's arms would tighten as the woman's shrinking form drew nearer. In vain Benedictus tried to persuade himself that he was but doing his duty, as a man and a Christian, in thus protecting a woman. Deep in his heart he knew that, in spite of the storm and its dangers, a wild delirium filled his soul as he realized that the one woman of all the world, his life love, lay trembling in his arms. He almost wished that the mighty tree trunks that swayed and groaned about them would fall and crush them. They could not live together; surely it was no sin to be content to die together.

Again the lightning flashed above them, and again the sweeping branches of the great tree swept the ruined hut.

With a startled cry Cecilia turned to speak as Benedictus bent closer above her, and their lips met.

Neither had wished or willed it. It seemed the decree of fate that it should be. Benedictus, worn with vigils and fastings, ceased to struggle against the human.

How long that close embrace con-

tinued they never knew. The storm had partially subsided. The rain had ceased, and only now and then the reflected brilliancy revealed the wreck and ruin about them. Just as one of these fitful gleams lit up their surroundings, Benedictus looked up and met the steely glitter of Brother Correntian's eyes, fastened upon them through a rift in the shattered boards of the hut.

With a wild cry, Benedictus sprang from the shelter. In an instant his hands were about Correntian's throat.

"Arthur! Remember!" came to him, close by, as a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He relaxed his grasp, and waited for Correntian to speak.

"I have followed you with a forgotten missive," said the austere brother; "but since you have laid violent hands upon me, I demand that you return to the abbot. He shall deal with you as he will. And as for you," he continued, turning towards Cecilia, "mild mannered, kind hearted, and gentle Angelo, you know your fate."

Through the darkness, without a word, they returned to the monastery, and rang the bell at the outer gate. Soon the flickering of lights, here and there, told that the brothers of the order had been summoned for a meeting.

Before a crucifix, set in its niche upon the wall, Benedictus knelt in prayer for guidance, until a touch upon his shoulder warned him that he must appear before his accuser and his judges. In long, solemn rows they sat rigidly upon the stiff backed benches, their faces set and stern in the flickering light of the torches that filled the vaulted room with clouds of brooding smoke.

"You know of what you are accused?" asked the abbot.

Benedictus bowed his head.

"You, whose novitiate was such that it was deemed fitting to call you Benedictus, the blessed, have brought shame and disgrace upon us. What have you to say?"

Benedictus raised his head as though to speak. Meeting the cruel eyes of Correntian, he paused, then dropped his gaze and remained silent.

"That you have done much to con-

quer this passion, I believe," continued the abbot. "That your temptation was a trying one, I realize. It is not meet that your sufferings and struggles should go unrecognized. You have a mission to perform. Go. Your error has made delay which even now may lead to disaster; and that you may the more speedily perform your duty, go alone. Attend to your mission and return. Meanwhile, we shall consider, in solemn conclave, our duty to God, and afterwards our duty towards you."

Benedictus lifted his head slowly until his fearless eyes met those of the abbot. Then he said deliberately:

"And what of her?"

A smothered exclamation burst from the monks around him, and excited whispers told that they believed their leniency had been outraged.

"You know the law," replied Augustine sternly.

With a smothered imprecation, Benedictus rushed from the room. Cecilia was kneeling where he had knelt, before the crucifix.

"Come!" he hissed. "No words!"

Seizing her by the arms, he led her by one passage and another, unseen, to a heavy door studded with bosses of iron. Down the cold staircase he carried her, almost roughly, and again through winding passages, through the vaults of the monastery. A heavy oaken door was torn open. Cecilia was thrust within, and the key turned in the lock.

Through the iron grating of the door Benedictus whispered hoarsely:

"They believe us guilty, in their ignorance of our temptation and its subjugation. They would not have believed the truth. Fear not. I will return. Whatever may happen, make no outcry. Sleep, if you can; then count the moments until I return."

Then he rushed back, in time to meet the brothers coming from the council chamber. Passing the Abbot Augustine, Benedictus knelt; but the abbot said, with sorrowful voice:

"I cannot bless you, my son, until the fear of God and the confessional have purified you and lifted you above your sin. Go. Pray and strive."

Benedictus rushed through the gateway, and plunged madly along the road. He did not even glance toward the deserted hut, but sped onward as though pursued. By nightfall of the next day, exhausted and footsore, he reached his destination, and performed his mission. Entreaties that he should rest and refresh himself availed naught. A glass of milk and a few bits of bread were forced upon him, and again he fled, with bruised and trembling feet, along the roadway. All night long, with struggling breath, he strove to keep up; but just as the gray dawn was pearly in the east, a broken branch across his path threw him headlong, and when he opened his eyes the sun was high in the heavens.

Refreshed by a few crumbs of bread and by the water from a running stream, he hastened on, and soon the scene of his temptation appeared before him.

"Here I will pray. Here I will pledge anew my penitence and faith," he said, kneeling among the storm swept ruins.

Holding before him his brass crucifix he prayed aloud:

"O Christ of the five wounds, to whom belongs the life we make or mar, strengthen my resolve to live for Thee alone! Thou hast said, 'Teach me Thy will, that I may hold no longer precious the things of this life.' In the communion of souls, beyond the grave, the sorrows of earth are but the shadows of a day. Grant me the strength to do Thy will."

At the monastery all was quiet and reposeful, and Benedictus knew that they believed Cecilia had escaped. He sought the abbot at once, and made known to him the result of his mission. Augustine was surprised at his speedy return, but believed it due to the zeal of the young monk to atone for his error, and therefore made small comment.

"Meet us tonight in the council chamber," said the abbot as Benedictus turned away.

As soon as he could do so unobserved, Benedictus hastened to the stone stairway, and felt his way along the passages until he came to the door behind which he had placed Cecilia. His eyes

had not yet become accustomed to the darkness, so he felt along the casement for the great key, which had fastened the door. The hook upon which it had always hung was gone. Cold beads of perspiration started out upon his forehead as he sought the iron grating.

It was covered with a heavy oaken panel, so securely fastened that only the complete demolition of the door could remove it.

Benedictus sank limp and nerveless to the stones, uttering but one word: "Correntian!"

Stunned and hopeless, the power of action left him for a time. Then with frenzied struggles he began to tear at the heavy oaken door, regardless of his bruised fingers and their broken nails, torn to the quick. It was like tearing at solid rock.

He turned to renew his efforts, and the clink of metal against the stones caught his ear. He must speak to her. What fate was in store for him after the meeting in the council chamber he knew not. He must open the door now. He seized the brass crucifix from the stones, and holding it in both hands high above him, knelt adoringly. Then, pressing it hard against his lips with a silent prayer, he tore it from its fastenings at his girdle, and began to dig away the corner of the door with its sharp edges.

Little by little, as a rat gnaws his way

to liberty, Benedictus could feel the oaken corner growing thinner and thinner, until at last, exerting all his strength, a piece of jagged oak was pushed away from the inside, leaving a ragged opening just large enough to admit his hand. Bending to the opening, he called breathlessly:

"Cecilia!"

No answer came from within.

"Cecilia," he called again. "I am here. It is I, Arthur."

It seemed to him that a faint sigh reached him. With the crucifix, he began to dig again at the door, until the opening would admit his arm.

He reached through, and moving his hand to and fro across the stones, felt Cecilia's hand, still warm. The fingers seemed to flutter in his grasp, as though attempting to return his pressure; then they relaxed, and lay lifeless in his palm.

When the brothers met in the council chamber that night, Correntian waited until all was silent, then said: "Brethren, follow me."

The monks filed down into the vaults beneath the monastery, and unfastened the door which separated the two lifeless forms in the habit of the order. Upon their dead, clasped hands rested a brass crucifix, bent and twisted so that the figure upon it seemed to writhe in the dreadful agony of Calvary.

THE MOUNTAIN.

GIRT by a meadow
Mirthful in flowers,
Yonder a mountain
Mightily towers.

Heaven his firm comrade
Through smile or frown,
Moonlight his mantle,
Starbeams his crown,

Grand gales to bear him
Homage unsought,—
Still would he languish
But for the thought

That far beneath him,
Hauntingly sweet,
Daisies and buttercups
Break at his feet!

Edgar Fawcett.

FAMOUS WOMEN PAINTERS.

Woman's record in pictorial art, and her remarkable success in a field where she is still a newcomer—Angelica Kauffmann, Vigée Le Brun, Rosa Bonheur, and the many clever painters who are now following in their footsteps.

By Richard H. Titherington.

THE woman painter is a latter day development. It is true that three centuries ago Tintoretto taught his daughter Marietta to make pastel portraits; but long after the days of the great

Venetian master, and in spite of the appearance of such sporadic stars as Angussola, Lavinia Fontana, and Artemisia Lomi, the brush was regarded as an implement scarcely more suited for



Vigée Le Brun and Her Daughter.

Photographed by the Berlin Photographie Company from the painting by Mme. Le Brun.



The Vestal Virgin.

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Angelica Kauffmann.

woman's hand than the sword. When Rosalba Carriera came from Venice to Paris in 1720, she was greeted as a marvel such as the French capital had never seen before, a phenomenon no less abnormal, if more intellectual, than the bearded woman at some country fair.

Angelica Kauffmann, whose life lasted into the present century, was regarded with much of the same doubtful admiration. When she came to London, and the English aristocracy thronged to greet "the beautiful, accomplished

Miss Kauffmann," she received homage on the one hand, and excited jealousy on the other, to a degree that sounds incredible in these days when men and women painters work together on so equal a footing in class room and studio. Her disastrous secret marriage to an adventurer, the *soi disant* Count de Horn, is believed to have been the result of some professional enemy's deliberate plot to ruin her.

It was strange that when George III founded the Royal Academy, in 1768,

one of its thirty six original Academicians should be this clever Swiss girl. Her claim to first rate artistic rank has scarcely been confirmed by the judgment of posterity. Her contemporaries were dazzled by her romantic career and personality; she was skilled at winning the favor of the great, and Reynolds, then at the height of his fame, was her devoted champion, even after he was a rejected suitor for her hand. Throughout the fifteen years she spent in England she was one of the lions of the hour. Dukes and earls were eager to have her paint their portraits. She was commissioned to decorate the interior of St. Paul's, and would have done so had not an unsympathetic bishop declared that "while he lived, he would never suffer the doors of the metropolitan church to be opened to the introduction of popery!" Nowadays, we think her paintings rather stiff and affected, and call her "Vestal Virgin," which hangs in the Dresden gallery, a fair sample of the work of an overrated artist.

Vigée Le Brun's fame has stood the test of time better. A less pretentious painter than Angelica Kauffmann, her work possessed more of beauty and simplicity, and her two portraits of herself and her little daughter—one of which is given on page 261—are deservedly among the most popular pictures of the Louvre. They are touching little idyls on canvas.

No woman painter, and few painters of either sex, have lived so brilliant and

eventful a life as Mme. Le Brun. She was the last of the *ancien regime*, the last to whom an old time court was open. The daughter of a third rate Parisian artist, she was admitted to the

gilded circle of Versailles, and painted portraits of almost all its members, from Marie Antoinette to Mme. Du Barry; she narrowly escaped the massacres of the Reign of Terror; she was bold enough to exchange epigrams with Napoleon; in her exile she was welcomed at all the courts of Europe; then, going back to her beloved Paris, she lived, prosperous and honored, to see the Corsican emperor succeeded by the two brothers of Louis XVI, and them by the "citizen king."

Even in the easy going days of her first fame, Mme. Le Brun, young, beautiful, and almost extravagantly courted and petted, never suffered a stain to her reputation or lost the simplicity of a really charming character. Before her marriage, when Parisian nobles sat to her as a means of securing an interview with her, she always insisted that her mother should be present; and when a sitter displayed tendency to make *les yeux tendres* at the artist, she would pose him

with his eyes averted, and then, at any sign of a movement in her direction, she would say, "Pray keep your pose, sir—I am just at the eyes!" Her whole life was devoted to two objects—her daughter and her art. Her brush was almost always at work. She left nearly



"Grandmama's School Days."
From the painting by Kate Greenaway.

a thousand pictures, most of them portraits.

When she died, in 1842, there was at work in Paris—in the streets, at the Jardin des Plantes, around the abattoirs—a girl of twenty who was to become perhaps the greatest animal painter of the century. Rosa Bonheur was a strange figure in those days, with her

prizes offered there. Henriette Brown and Nélie Jacquemart were among the earlier leaders; Madeleine Lemaire, Berthe Delorme, Mme. de Chatillon, and Louise Abbema are more widely known. Marie Bashkirtseff made a precocious success a few years ago, and her "Meeting"—a clever study of street boy life—was purchased by the gov-



"The Quarrelsome Brothers."

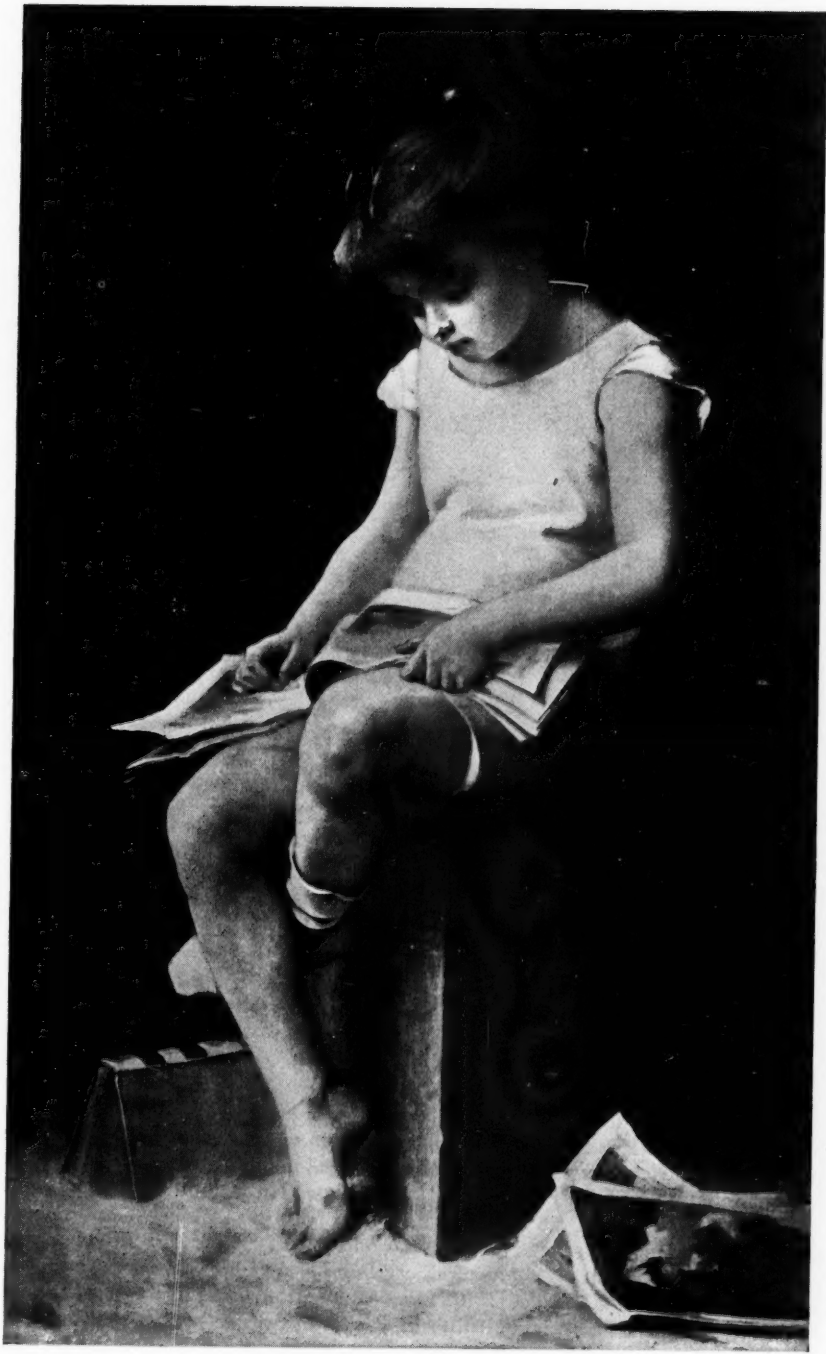
Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Fräulein M. Stocks.

hair cut short, and wearing a blue masculine blouse—the garb shown in Dubufe's portrait of her, on page 266. Of her later career so full a sketch was given in this magazine some months ago (April, 1894) that it is unnecessary to speak further.

Mlle. Bonheur's first Salon medal, won in 1845, marked the opening of the gates to a veritable army of her countrywomen. There are today in Paris several hundred lady painters—not mere amateurs or students, but artists whose work is admitted to the Salons, and who carry off a respectable share of the

ernment for that goal of the young French painter's ambition, the official collection in the Luxembourg. Mlle. Bashkirtseff's death prematurely ended a career whose possibilities were at least interesting.

It is noteworthy that among the leaders of the artistic sisterhood of Paris are several women with whom painting is only a pastime. A few years ago the Princess Mathilde took a medal at the Salon; the Baroness Nathaniel Rothschild has been a frequent exhibitor; Sarah Bernhardt has shown both pictures and sculptures which have at-



"The Picture Book."

From the painting by Elias Koch.



Rosa Bonheur.

From the portrait by Dubufe.

tracted marked attention and much praise, mingled with a few ill natured queries whether the work was really the tragedienne's own. It is an undoubted fact that she has talent, and that she studied in earnest with Alfred Stevens.

As worthy of honor as any of the women painters of Paris is Elizabeth Gardner, of whose work a characteristic specimen is given on page 267. She is a native of Exeter, New Hampshire, a pupil of Bouguereau, and the only American lady who has won a Salon prize. She is a close follower of her

master's smooth and graceful style, and her pictures of child life—her specialty—have a charm fully equal to his own.

There are not a few other American women who are successful exhibitors at the Salons, but scarcely famous. Mrs. Wentworth, whom Cabanel considered one of his best pupils, Geraldine Reid, and Miss Batchelor (now Mme. de Foiard) are among the many who might be mentioned did space permit.

This is the day of women painters in Germany, in England, and in America, as in France. Specimens are given in these pages of the work of three Ger-



"At the Woodland Stream."

From the painting by Elizabeth Gardner.

man ladies. With them must be mentioned the brilliant young portrait painter, Vilma Parlaghy, whose pictures of Moltke and Kossuth are widely known. She is a Hungarian by birth. When she opened her studio in Berlin her original and striking style found so little favor with the artistic authorities of the conservative city on the Spree

that her portrait of Moltke was summarily rejected by the exhibition committee to which it was submitted. It was the Kaiser himself who overruled their verdict, and ordered the painting to be hung—an incident which of course made it the most conspicuous picture in the exhibition.

England has no Kauffmann in her



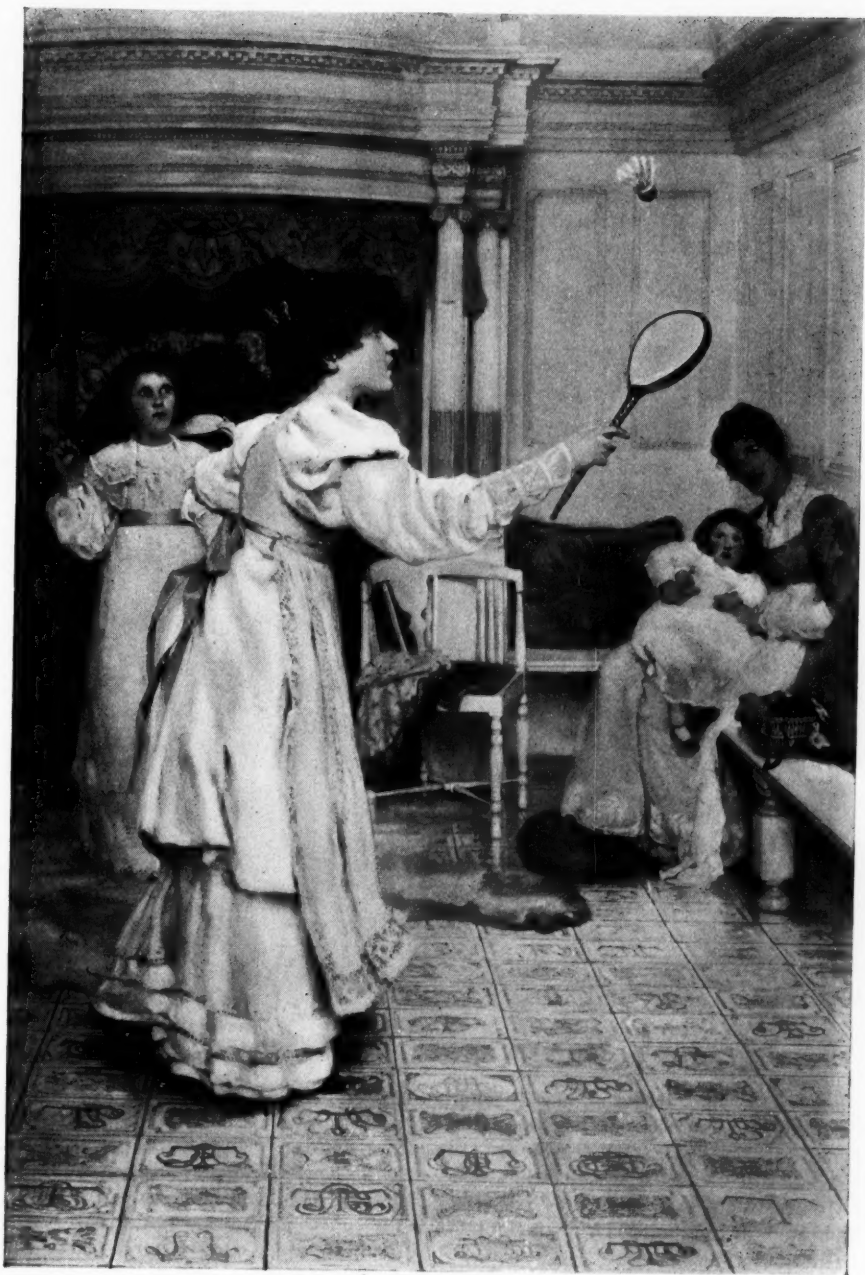
"The First Kiss."

From the painting by Blanche Jenkins.

Royal Academy today, but there are not a few critics who think she might have if merit alone were always the passport at Burlington House. The finest canvas there at last spring's exhibition was a woman's—the splendid "Psyche at the Throne of Venus," by Mrs. Ernest Normand, who is better known by her maiden name of Henrietta

Rae. Mrs. Normand—of whose work examples were given in this magazine in March and in August last—is still quite young, but she already stands in the front rank of living figure painters.

Lady Butler's striking success as a delineator of soldiers and battles shows that no branch of the painter's art can be regarded as closed to women. Twenty



"Battledore and Shuttlecock."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Laura Alma Tadema.



"In Winter."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Laura Alma Tadema.

years ago, when she was Miss Elizabeth Thompson, her "Roll Call" was hailed as the picture of the season at the Academy, where it was purchased by Queen Victoria; and she has since painted a long series of incidents of England's modern wars.

But it is domestic scenes, and especially child life, that give most women painters their favorite themes. Here two Englishwomen—Blanche Jenkins

and Laura Alma Tadema, wife of the well known Academician—are worthy to be ranked with Elizabeth Gardner, while Kate Perugini and Eleanor Manly deserve at least a mention. Mrs. Louise Jopling's portraits, and the Italian landscapes of the sisters Clara and Hilda Montalba, are also familiar exhibits at the London picture shows.

On this side of the Atlantic women artists are equally numerous; and though



"Farewell."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Fräulein C. Groch.

none of them, perhaps, fully deserves to be catalogued as "famous," there are several whose title to such a distinction is as valid as that of almost any painter of the other sex. So much has been said of them in an article on "American Women Illustrators," published in this magazine last April, and from time to time in the monthly notes upon art, that it is unnecessary here to do more than mention the names of Cecilia

Beaux, Mary Cassatt, and Rosina Emmett Sherwood as typical representatives.

It has long been stoutly maintained as a theory, and more or less accepted as an axiom, that woman has not the creative power to paint a great picture; that she can put upon canvas what she sees, but of the genius that originates she is constitutionally devoid. Is it not true to reply that the present generation has seen proof to the contrary?



Levi P. Morton.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

LEVI P. MORTON.

Incidents and contrasts in the life of a typical American business man—A brief study of the qualities that have made his remarkable success.

By John Ford.

IF to that unknown quantity which politicians and editors claim to represent and are supposed to understand—the great American public—were submitted the task of naming the ten or the dozen most interesting living Americans, probably few, perhaps none, of the resulting lists would contain the name of Levi Parsons Morton. The public mind is, in its impressions, very much like the physical eye. Its views are usually instant and fleeting. Flash-lights affect it more than a steady flame. To the latter, even though of great intensity, it gets used after a time. The contrasting lights and shadows in a man's career, rather than the continuous brilliancy or purity of its rays, forms the force that keeps the popular mentality of his own time illumined regarding him.

So the life of Levi P. Morton, who is known to the great public chiefly as a very rich man, and a successful politician, seems not a fascinating study. Still, how did he get his money and his success? This is always an interesting question, especially in this good country of ours where we all are ambitious, and where the race for glory is said not to be a handicap event.

We know that in 1838, when young Morton was but fourteen years of age, he was making his own living by "tending" in the village store of his native place—Shoreham, Vermont, on the border of Lake Champlain, opposite old Fort Ticonderoga. His only education since that time has been gained in that greatest of all public schools—experience.

We know, too, that he has been a Congressman from New York, American

minister to France, Vice President of the United States, that at the time of writing this he is a candidate for the Governorship of the Empire State, and that he is known where he lives as an honest, as well as a rich man; throughout the country, as a public man of broad views and patriotic purpose; and in other countries as a capable diplomat and polished man of the world.

Between his youthful past and his mature present there is truly a gulf that could have been bridged only by great force of character, God given good fortune, and extraordinary receptivity and versatility of mind.

Mr. Morton is not an intellectual genius, not a writer or an orator, yet in all his public work, as in his private business, he has commanded the respect and directed the action of the brainiest. At the extra session of Congress in 1879, he made two speeches on the silver question. Without any effort at forensic display, he made felt the weight of an authoritative experience, a frank, straightforward manner, and sound views expressed in the fewest, tersest words. When Vice President, his retirement from office was the occasion of a spontaneous and universal expression of friendship from the Senate, over whose deliberations he had presided with impartiality and grace. By invitation of its eighty eight members, a banquet was tendered to him at the Arlington Hotel on the evening of February 27, 1893. In all the Ellerslie library of rare and valued books, there is not one so highly prized as a little volume that is inscribed, "Testimonial of the United States Senators to Vice President Morton."

His regime at the American legation in Paris was not only brilliant socially, but able politically. It was through his persistent intercession that the French government's restrictions on American pork were removed. He also succeeded, after a hard struggle, in securing for American corporations a legal status in France. It was while minister

ton's record honor not alone for him, but for the great body of which he is a type—the American business men, the men who fight the battles of life where they must now be fought, in the markets of the world, not in the fields or forests, and among whom real progress can be made only by manly and moral qualities. Financial exigencies try a



Ellerslie, Mr. Morton's Home, near Rhinebeck, New York.

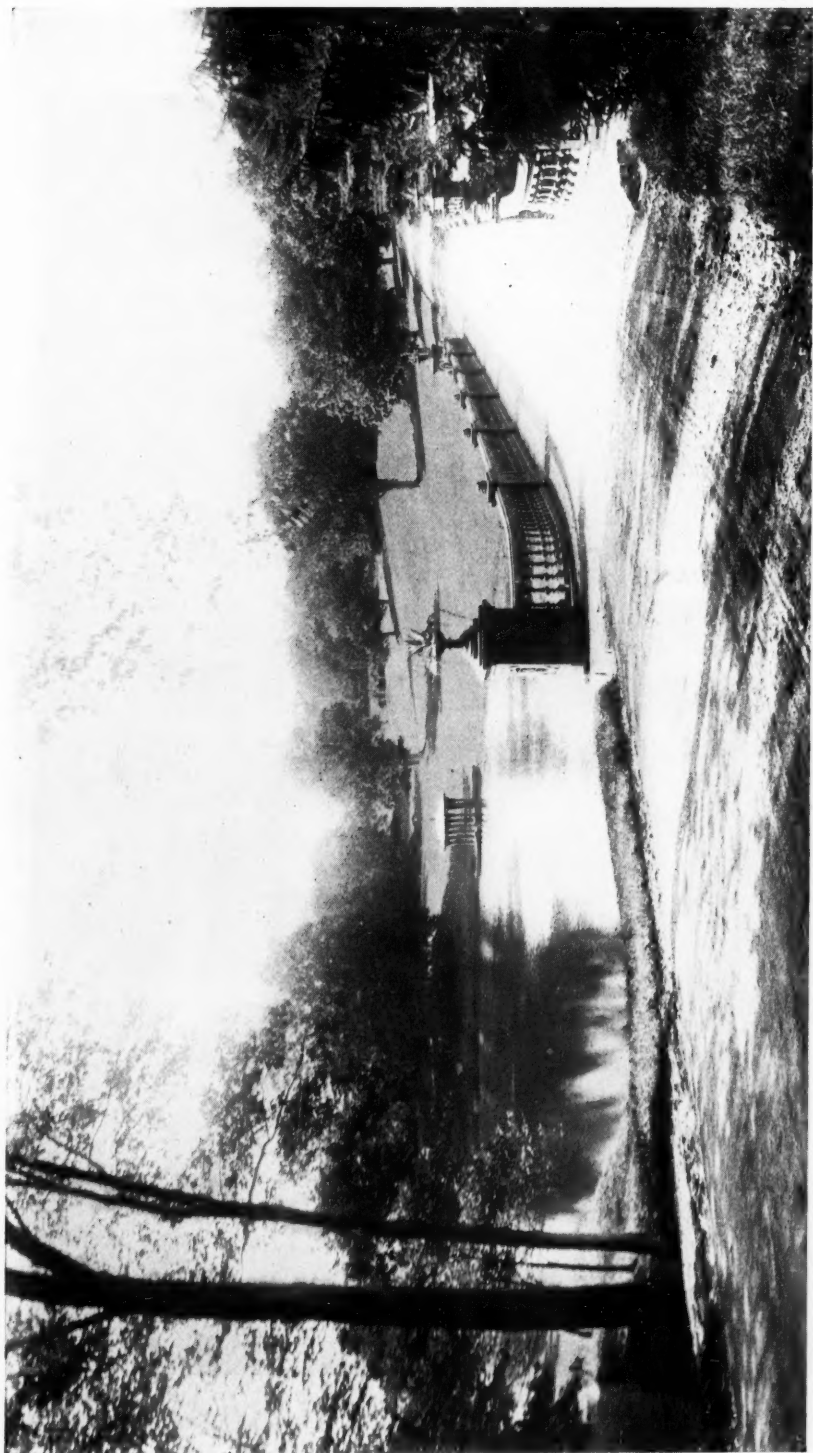
From a photograph by Burger, Poughkeepsie,

that he was made American commissioner general to the Electrical Exposition, and representative of the United States at the Submarine Cable Convention; and to each of these widely divergent subjects he brought the same cool, keen judgment that had aided him in his varied business undertakings through life.

In noting these successes, one's mind does not permit itself to be led astray into idle speculation, whether a genius of some other order might not, under the same conditions, have done more or better. On the contrary, it finds in Mr. Mor-

ton's record today not less than did the test of fire in more martial times. He who lives a modern business life with unblemished honor throughout, has had quite as much of the reality of struggle, if less of the romance, as had the soldier in earlier days. They who would be leaders in commerce must be fit to stand anywhere.

One incident of Mr. Morton's business life shows well the secret of his business prestige. That secret was absolute honesty. In 1854 he moved to New York from Boston, whither he had come from Concord, Vermont. The dry goods



In the Park at Ellerslie
From a photograph by Burger, Tongkreejia.



In the Library at Ellerslie.
From a photograph by Burger, Douglassville.

house he founded in the metropolis failed in a few years, and he was compelled to settle with his creditors at fifty cents on the dollar. Then, early in the war days, he established with Junius Morgan—who had been a fellow clerk with him in Boston, and who was to make a world wide reputation as a financier—a banking house in New York. He made money rapidly. His firm floated the great government war loans, which enriched the syndicate handling them, while giving the American nation a sound and enduring credit. In his success Mr. Morton remembered those who had suffered at the time of his former failure. He invited all of them to a banquet, and when they sat down each man found beneath his plate a check signed by Mr. Morton for an amount of money that paid his claim in full, with interest.

Mr. Morton is probably the only American living today who can say that he might have been President of the United States if he had given the word. The story is an old one, but is known only to men intimate with the events of the campaign of 1880. In the national Republican convention of that year, after General Garfield had been nominated, Mr. Morton was repeatedly urged by the Ohio delegation to accept second place on the ticket. There is little or no doubt that he would have been nominated had he consented, but he refused, and Chester A. Arthur of New York was chosen in his stead. The death of Garfield and the elevation of Arthur followed.

It was from President Garfield that Mr. Morton accepted the appointment to France, after having declined the portfolio of Secretary of the Navy. While he was in France, filling his high position with grace and distinction, a ridiculous attempt was made to injure the minister socially by circulating the story that he had been a tailor and was ashamed of it. This brought out an interesting statement from Professor Sanborn, of Dartmouth College, who had known Mr. Morton for forty years, meeting him when he (Morton) came to Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College,

and opened his first store. Professor Sanborn said: "There was a clothing and tailoring department connected with Mr. Morton's store. If this entitles him to rank as a tailor, he might aspire to be one of Andrew Johnson's successors. Mr. Morton has never been ashamed of his start in life, or anxious to conceal it. Indeed, the old sign of 'L. P. Morton & Co.' was long visible on the brick walls of his first store, and when Mr. Morton was in New Hampshire, several years ago, he had photographs taken of the old sign, which he showed to his children, as I know he did to his familiar friends at the legation in Paris. His father and only brother were college graduates. His father was a clergyman, and his mother was the daughter of a clergyman, and the sister of the Rev. Levi Parsons, the first American missionary to the Holy Land. Like many of our best men, he has made his own fortune, and carved out his own honorable career, assisted by the same characteristics that made him, while scarcely more than a boy, the most successful storekeeper our town has ever seen."

Mr. Morton's personality is quiet and unobtrusive. He is a good listener, of alert and comprehensive mind. His life is modest, and his manner democratic and cordial. His friends are fond of saying that the frankness of his nature is revealed in his look. There are firmness, force, and courage in his face. He does not smile with his mouth, but with his eyes, and the humor seems to bubble up and light his whole countenance. He is tall, with a sinewy, athletic frame.

He has been twice married, and his five interesting children, the youngest a girl of thirteen, are the result of his last union. His first wife, *née* Lucy Kimball, was a beautiful woman, a leader in charity, and a favorite in society.

His second wife, whom he married in 1873, the daughter of William I. Street, is a worthy successor. She is very frindsome, graceful, and of great assistance to her husband. Her social reign at Paris, and at Washington after the lamented death of Mrs. Harrison, was

signally successful. Two pleasant little anecdotes, illustrating her grace and tact, are told by intimate friends.

A political guest and friend of the Vice President was dining with him. Mrs. Morton used an imported set of exquisitely painted doylies, just from Paris, most dainty work from the atelier of a noted water color artist. After dipping his fingers in the finger bowls, the guest deliberately drew out the precious, filmy painting, crushed it into a small ball, and tried to dry his fingers, meanwhile in learned words talking to his hostess. Mrs. Morton smiled charmingly, and said, "Such flimsy doylies are useless. Let me give you another; but you know it's the fashion." The grateful politician accepted the napkin, and failed to see his mistake.

The other is an incident of a large reception given in Washington, when the Mortons occupied the historic Hooper mansion. The drawing rooms were crowded, but Mrs. Morton, noticing two old ladies dressed in very, very old fashioned wraps and gowns, left the line of ladies receiving with her, and went to them. With a sweet smile she said, "I am glad to see you again today. I remember seeing you last week."

They were gentlewomen, and they gave their names, and one of them said pleasantly, "It is a great pleasure to see you so well sustaining this old house and its hospitality. We used to visit here when we were young girls, and we will stay a little if no one minds."

"I hope you will come every week," replied Mrs. Morton. "I shall look for you."

The sweet smile and the cordial tones were never forgotten. The old ladies used often to repeat this story of a kind act in a social world where such incidents are rare. Among her neighbors in and around Rhinebeck, where Ellerslie, the beautiful country home of the Mortons, is located, Mrs. Morton is sincerely loved.

Mr. Morton has all his life taken a great deal of outdoor exercise. He usually rides a cob. He is said to be the only man who ever got the better of Roscoe Conkling in a horse trade. The dead statesman bought a fast horse which somehow went wrong, and he sold the animal to Mr. Morton for a song. The latter managed to get a half brother of the horse from Kentucky, and the pair proved to be the fastest team in Paris.

A SLEIGH RIDE.

MISTY moonlight, sleigh bells' tinkle,
Endless wastes of ice and snow,
Gray hills, like an old man's wrinkle,
Keen airs hissing as they blow;

In the sleigh a man and maiden,
Faces rosy, eyes alight,
Lips with whispered secrets laden,
Deep and sacred as the night.

Cold—how cold! Steed, prythee hasten,
Wake the storming silver bells,
Up the hillside, down the basin,
In the frosty wooded dells!

Nay, the road's too short! Go slowly;
Warmly clad are lover-kind.
Wrapped in one another wholly,
What reck they of frost and wind?

Paul Pastnor.

THE AFFAIR AT ISLINGTON.*

By Matthew White, Jr.,

Author of "One of the Profession," "Allan Kane's Friend," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

ESTELLE OSGOOD, the leading woman of the "Borrowed Plumes" company, while playing at Beverley, recognizes in the audience Gilbert Dean. These two had loved each other in the old days, but had quarreled and parted. A note from the actress brings Dean to her side, and both realize that time, instead of effacing, has but augmented their affection.

Deprived of the girl he loved, Dean had married Louise Dartmouth, and previous to his meeting with Estelle, he had been fairly contented and prosperous. He and his wife are now on their way to their home in Islington, and they leave Beverley on the train which bears the "Borrowed Plumes" company. Subterfuge gains Dean an interview with Estelle, without exciting his wife's suspicions. The meeting is a painful one to both, and yielding to Estelle's entreaties Dean leaves her, as he thinks, forever.

But fate wills otherwise. There is an accident to the train, and the actress is rescued from a horrible death by Gilbert Dean. She is borne unconscious to a neighboring farm house, where Louise takes charge of her.

Dean is tortured by the conflicting emotions of love and duty. To him the tragedy of death they have left behind seems as nothing to the tragedy of life which may lie before.

VI.

IT was November. Dean and his wife had been back in Islington several weeks. Contrary to his promise to Estelle to forget her, he had thought of her more and more from day to day, and many of these thoughts were transmitted to her through the mails. Letters such as these she could not do otherwise than answer. Her resolution that day on the train was easily spoken; it was not so easily kept. Had he not saved her life?

As for Dean, he was looking forward with eager longing to seeing her when the company came East. "When shall you play in Albany?" he wrote her. "Wire me exact date."

He thought of little else than Estelle now. According to her last letter she would be in Albany some time in the following week. "This is Saturday," he mused. "She will get my letter on Monday morning. A telegram should reach me by noon."

Dean went to church with his wife on

Sunday, but the words of the preacher did not penetrate his ears. In his Sunday paper he had seen that the "Borrowed Plumes" company would play in Albany on Tuesday night.

All day Monday he waited anxiously for a telegram from Estelle. None came. He was nervous, distraught, irritable. Could it be that she did not wish to see him? And after the letters she had written him!

"She *must* see me," he resolved. "I will go to Albany, any way." He went home to his wife with deception on his lips. His kiss was not the less sweet to her.

"Dear," he began, putting his arm around her as he walked with her towards the window, "I must go over to Albany tomorrow."

"Oh, Gilbert!"

"I'm sorry," he went on quickly, looking intently across the street. "I'm sorry, but I have just learned that Illford is to be there. He has a bill before the Legislature, and wants my influence. I cannot deny him the favor."

All Tuesday forenoon he still looked for a telegram, but in vain. At times he was indignant, and wavered in his determination, but each flash of indignation was succeeded by a longing to see Estelle which there was no denying, and at one o'clock he was off. Louise's eyes followed him wistfully as he walked down the street. "I wish I had gone to Albany with him," she said to herself. "I wonder why I didn't think of it in time. I wonder why Gilbert didn't suggest it."

Towards night Louise was at the window again, and in her reverie she could see Gilbert as distinctly as she had seen him a few hours before on his way to the station. "There is not another man in Islington," she reflected, "with such a figure, and he is handsomer—handsomer than any other man in town. I remember the day I saw

*This story began in the November number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Back numbers can be ordered of any newsdealer, or from the publishers.

him first. And it was all so unexpected. Suppose I had never met him!" and she sighed deeply.

As she stood there, thinking in this wise, a cab drove up to the Uptons', across the way. She watched as the coachman got down from his box and helped the occupant into the house. John Upton's failing was known pretty generally in Islington by this time.

"Poor Mary," murmured Louise, as she drew the blind, and turned on the electric light. "What if I had a burden like hers to carry!"

She was startled by a sharp ring at her own door bell. A moment later the maid appeared.

"A telegram for the master, Mrs. Dean," she said. "It came to the office, and Mr. Clark opened it, Joe says, thinking it was on business. But it wasn't, so he thought he'd better send it up to you, ma'am."

"Very well; thank you, Delia."

Louise took the envelope with its jagged edge showing where it had been hurriedly slit with the finger. Her heart leaped wildly at the first mention of a telegram, fearing it might be ill news of Gilbert. But no; there it was, addressed plainly, "Gilbert Dean," and she was so relieved that for an instant she forgot to draw out the inclosure. Then she recalled what Delia had said about its not being on business.

"In that case," she concluded, "it must be something in which I am interested."

She hastily threw aside the envelope, and read these words:

Will be in Albany tonight. E. O.

"E. O." Louise repeated the letters musingly. "Who can that be? Why, I can't recall anybody Gilbert knows whose name begins with an O. 'E. O.?' " She closed her eyes for an instant as if to think the clearer, but the wrinkle did not leave her brow.

"I wonder if it is very important, if I ought to wire it on to him. But then he did not tell me where he was going to stop." This reflection came over her with a tinge of unpleasantness in it. She hated to think that even for one night her husband was beyond her call.

"He should have told me to what house he was going." She rested her elbow on the library table, on which the Albany Sunday paper still lay. Mechanically she ran her eye down the list of hotels, which happened to be just before her. Then suddenly a name in the adjoining column caught her attention. It was under the head of "Amusements," and was the announce-

ment that "Borrowed Plumes" would be played in Albany Tuesday night. This was Tuesday night. Her glance shifted to the telegram again. "E. O." Estelle Osgood, the real name of Marie Myrwin, the actress, whom Gilbert had afterwards saved from the railroad wreck! But why should this woman send a telegram to him? Louise put the despatch down and pushed it away from her. She gave one quick glance about the room, to make sure she was alone. Her thoughts were so painfully intense; it seemed as though, were any one present, he must be able to read them.

Back over the intervening weeks her mind hurried, to the period, only a day it was, spent in that Western farmer's home. Surely there had been no opportunity there for Gilbert to become so well acquainted with the actress. Why, she even recalled chiding him for his indifference to her, he had behaved so oddly when in her presence.

But suddenly light was flashed upon the mystery from another quarter—Miss Myrwin's expression when told that it was Gilbert who had taken her from the wrecked car. "Did *he* save me?" she had exclaimed, and an expression of Louise knew not what nature had come into her eyes. She understood now; it was rapture, joy. What if she and Gilbert had known each other before?

And that night at the theater in Beverley! The note Gilbert had received! He said it was from a man, but now, as Louise looked back upon the circumstance in the light of this awful suspicion, it seemed unlikely that a man would send a note merely to call a friend outside. Why could he not come down and make the request in person? And Gilbert had been oddly abstracted on his return. Yes, and the next day on the train!

Proof was heaping up swiftly now, much too swiftly. Louise clasped both hands across her eyes as if to shut out some horrible vision. But this only made her see more clearly the firmly welded links in the chain of evidence that was bringing her to despair. She recollected Gilbert's restlessness after leaving Beverley. "And she was on board the train, and he told me he was going to look for a friend—a man. So Gilbert lied to me, and this is just what he did at the theater!" And she buried her face in her hands.

"But no," she exclaimed, raising her head suddenly. "No, I will not believe it. Gilbert has never deceived me. There must

be some explanation. I will not allow myself to think about it any more. It is all so foolish."

But she could think of nothing else. She recalled how speedily Gilbert had returned from his search in the rear of the train, and then, on the plea of smoking, had gone forward—"into the smoking compartment," he had said, but she knew now it must have been into the forward coach, where this woman was. He had been gone a long while; she had read a good part of the novel he had bought her.

It was a gruesome story, she remembered now, of a husband and wife who found they were incompatible; and she had talked with him about it—with him who had been deceiving her so that he might sit with this woman of the stage.

And yet once again memory took up the hateful task, and reenacted for her a scene that had taken place on the afternoon of their stay at the farm house. She had gone to the kitchen on some errand, leaving the actress alone. Coming back, she heard voices in the room, and, surprised, stood still in the hallway an instant to listen. It was Gilbert, talking animatedly with the actress. Pleased that he should have changed his attitude towards her, Louise had hurried in and joined them. Dead silence instantly prevailed. Gilbert seemed ill at ease, and Miss Myrwin's face was strangely flushed. Louise had thought nothing of this at the time, but now—good heavens, what did it all mean to her—the wife?

"And he is in Albany with her!" she murmured. She remembered his excuse—a favor for Illford. How carefully he had explained it all to her! He had not been in the habit of doing this. And she had thought his doing so in the present instance was only a new evidence of the depth of his regard for her! To his other sin was to be added hypocrisy. It was unbelievable—that all his attentions to her during the past few weeks, all his caresses, were hollow, mere blinds to conceal his defection!

"God of mercy," she murmured, "how can I bear it? What must I do?"

She rose and began to pace the floor; then, fearing that Della might pass and see her thus strangely occupied, she walked to the window, and running up the shade, pressed her burning forehead against the cool pane. Upon the other side of the glass rain had begun to beat furiously; but if it were only this she had to face, she thought, how gladly would she go through it unprotected, in exchange for the mental anguish that was now her portion!

"And it was but a moment ago," she reflected, as her glance rested on the house across the street, "that I was pitying Mary Upton, contrasting her lot with my own! Her husband at least is sensible of his weakness, and makes an effort to master it. Mine—oh, heavens, his whole existence is a living lie!"

Her strength failed her; she sank down on a chair, misery and despair taking complete possession of her. How long would it be before others pitied her as she had pitied Mary Upton? People would stop talking when she came into the room that they might watch her unhampered; and then, when she had passed out again, how the whispered comments would hurry from tongue to ear, and how each would gaze after her compassionately, and wonder how she bore it at all!

There was a knock at the door.

"Oh!" Louise started up with a little scream. But it was only Della, come to announce that dinner was served.

Louise went down and made a brave attempt to eat. The servants must not be allowed to suspect that anything was wrong. But it was torture to feel that they were watching her, and as soon as possible she returned up stairs and shut herself in the library again. Perhaps she need not keep up the deception long. The whole town might soon be aware of her husband's baseness.

She glanced at the clock on the mantel. It was nearly eight. But what difference did time make to her now? What had she to look forward to? Gilbert's return? Up to an hour ago she had been saying to herself, "This time tomorrow he will be back." Now his being with her would be torture worse than that she was already enduring. She would know that his every look, his every word, his every movement, in so far as they related to herself, were but a cruel mockery.

How should she receive him? She must outline some plan of action. The first emotion of humiliation, of mortification, having spent itself, anger began to obtrude. Her rights as a wife had been trampled on; she would not submit meekly. She would put him on the rack; would make him account to her for every second of his absence, and then, when he had rolled up a record of falsehoods that would rank well with those he had already told her, she would place the telegram in his hands, and tell him what she thought of him.

What would he say then, she wondered? What defense would he make, or would he

attempt none? Suppose he threw himself upon her mercy, declared that he had been weak, but that now, seeing the enormity of his offense, he would turn from it and be the loving husband she had always supposed him? Would she forgive him then? Could she ever trust him again? Would there not always be suspicion in her mind? The serpent had entered her paradise. Nothing now could be as it had been; her life was wrecked; her hopes, her ambitions, her pride—all had gone down beneath this blow, as some vessel might be going down even now before the pitiless storm that was rattling the windows and roaring down the chimney. But she must live on, nevertheless. Each day of her unhappiness would contain as many hours as those that went to make up her honeymoon; but each would seem thrice as long.

"And it was just after Gilbert had come back from talking with that woman on the train," she recollected now, with a shudder, "that I told him it seemed to me our honeymoon had never waned."

But she must not think of the past; there was a pang in every remembrance of it. How could she be sure that Gilbert had ever really loved her? She was conscious that outwardly she was not as attractive as many women. It was this fact, perhaps, that caused her to value her husband's affection as highly as she had done. And now that affection had turned to ashes in her grasp.

There was a tap at the door, and Delia appeared with a letter the postman had just brought. Louise took it listlessly. There was no longer zest for her in anything. When the maid had gone she walked to the mirror over the mantel. She was surprised that she saw so little alteration in the face that looked back at her. "But it will come," she murmured, "and people will talk low and say, 'Poor thing, how it has changed her!'"

Then she glanced down at the superscription on the envelope. "From Ethel," she murmured. "And she's coming here to visit next week. Shall I put her off?"

She returned to her chair, opened the letter, and began to read. Presently a little ejaculation escaped her. "And now, my dear cousin," the letter ran, "I have a great surprise for you. I have just become engaged. He is the dearest boy—Malcolm Hunt. I have known him a year, but I feel as if it had been forever. I am sure I should not want to go away just now if I was not coming to you. I know you won't think me silly a bit when I want to talk

him all the time to you. You and Cousin Gilbert have always seemed to me different from other married people. It is just as if you weren't married—I mean, just as though you kept on being lovers, the way so many other people don't, after they are husband and wife."

Louise let the sheet fall. It was agony to read such words now. Her mind went back over the two years of her life with Gilbert. Had they been truly "lovers" all that while, as Ethel said? She knew that she had. And he—well, he had never spoken an unkind word to her, and if he had not been as free with his caresses as she with hers, she had set this down to his less demonstrative nature.

How would they deport themselves in the new life, which would begin as soon as he returned? It must differ from the old; it would be impossible for things to be as they had been. Ethel would not fail to notice the change. She must not be allowed to come. Louise would write to her, in the morning, that—yes, what would she write? She could not tell an untruth. That would be too much Gilbert's way. She caught her breath quickly at the comparison. But it was too true. Already she was beginning to despise him.

She finished the reading of the letter, and resolved to put off her decision till the morrow. Gilbert would be back then; she would talk it over with him.

The keenest pang of her ordeal shot through her as she realized what she was thinking. She had now none to whom to go for counsel. Her sole companion was her misery. She went to her room and hour after hour lay upon her bed, staring at the ceiling, at one moment trying to realize the full extent of her loneliness; at another seeking to deceive herself into the belief that this trouble had not really fallen upon her; that it was only part of some story which had made too deep an impression on her mind.

The November wind took up the rain and whirled it in fierce gusts against the windows. Louise imagined it to be her sorrow beating her down to the earth. Ah, it was cruel, to have deceived her so! If he had never loved her, why had he come to her at all with a pretense of doing so? For now that she was convinced of his infatuation for Estelle, she could not believe, she did not wish to believe, that he had ever really cared for her; did not want to feel that she had been put aside for this woman, an actress. Oh, it was too much! It was better never to have been loved; better to

fancy that she had been deceived from the first. There would then at least not be the humiliation of believing he had grown tired of her.

But there was agony, too, in this other conviction, and no help to be found anywhere; and the morrow to be dreaded, and yet longed for, as there was no hope of sleep that night for such as she. And so, whether wished for or not, day dawned and brought no comfort to this wife who had discovered truth.

VII.

ALTHOUGH the sky was weeping, and the bare branches of the trees lent a melancholy tinge to the November landscape, there was sunshine in Dean's heart as the train bore him swiftly toward the city where he would see Estelle again. No disturbing thought of Louise rose up to cloud his joyous anticipations. He had downed his conscience for the present at least. There would be time enough for a reckoning with it when his journey could be thought of only retrospectively.

The train reached Albany at half past five, and fifteen minutes later Dean was eagerly poring over the register at the Mohawk. His face lighted up as he discovered the name "Marie Myrwin," and in another instant his card was on its way to her room.

Estelle was dressing for dinner when the boy appeared with it. She shared the room with Sophie Waters, the soubrette. Sophie was out of humor because she hadn't received a letter which she expected to find awaiting her. Estelle was despondent. This was nothing new; but tonight she was feeling more than ordinarily depressed. She was thinking that she had had but the word to say and the man who filled her heart would have come to her, would perhaps be with her now. Albany was only four hours distant from Islington. The company would probably never be any closer to the town which now, to her eyes, stood out from the map as if printed in letters of a different color.

"If I had only sent the despatch sooner," she was thinking, "he would have come. But I knew this, and I sent it purposely too late. It was right for me to do so; his wife was very kind to me, but oh, heavens, so was he. He saved my life, and I love him, I love him!"

It was at this moment the boy with the card knocked. When Estelle opened the door and learned who had asked for her, she could scarcely repress a little cry of joy.

There was no thought of denying him. "Tell him I will be down at once," she told the boy.

And when they met in the quiet parlor of this quiet house, there was another greeting such as a husband would give a wife, and for a while each forgot that the joy was a stolen one; or if they remembered, the thought only added a sweeter taste to it. Then Estelle shook her finger reprovingly at Dean.

"I thought I told you that you were not to see me any more," she said; "and you promised."

"But that was when I believed you were going to be beyond my reach. I can't starve my heart all the time. One look into your eyes, one touch of your hand, are reward for all that I may have to undergo to obtain them."

"Then this is the last. We shall not be in Albany again."

"Yes, the last, Estelle, if you will be very good to me this time. So you see it depends on yourself. Now will you come out to dinner with me, and then let me take you to the theater?"

"On those conditions, yes, Gilbert."

She was soon ready, and they were out in the rain soaked street. But the elements counted for little with these two. For each, just now, nothing existed but the other. Each saw the love light in the other's eyes as they sat at the table in the cozy corner of the restaurant, and each resolutely put away all thoughts of the morrow. When they were in the cab on the way to the theater Dean said suddenly, "Tell me something, Estelle. You say you did not know I was married when you sent for me that night in Beverley. What if—what if I had not been, and I had asked you to be my wife, what would you have said?"

"My heart would have said yes, dear, but my sense of duty no. I am no longer in the circle to which once we both belonged. I am a woman of the stage. It would only drag you down to marry me; it is dragging you down to be with me now."

"You must not talk that way, Estelle. There is no purer being on earth than you. I could do anything, be anything, that you bade, and doing it, being it, be the better man, for you would not demand that which was not right. If I were only free—"

"Don't, Gilbert; now it is my turn to beg you not to speak in that way. You are not free; your duty is to your wife, who was once so kind to me, and yet from whom, Heaven forgive me, I shrank, because she was that to you I could never be."

Dean left Estelle at the stage door, then went around to the box office and bought a seat for himself close to the footlights.

During the time that Estelle was on the stage, he sat there entranced. How graceful were all her movements, how soft and flexible her voice, and in her beauty she was peerless. His heart beat fast. She caught his eye and smiled at him. His soul was on fire. When she appeared on the stage again a little later, she had a love scene with Harry Vane, and Dean became horribly jealous. It seemed to him that the actor held Estelle in his arms a great deal longer than was necessary, and every caress was a dagger thrust to Gilbert.

When the play was over he met Estelle and took her to supper. They lingered at the table till past midnight, and Dean wondered how he was ever going to endure the old life to which he must go back on the morrow—the life that was a lie.

And Estelle—she looked at this man who she knew loved her with all his heart, whom she loved more devotedly than ever since he had risked his own life to save hers, and a fierce rebellion took possession of her. Why must she give him up? He really belonged to her. No other woman could love him as she loved, and was not love like hers stronger than marriage vows? Should not this attraction of heart to heart be kept sacred and held in deference? It was against nature that Gilbert Dean should belong to Louise Dartmouth and not to Estelle Osgood. Louise might love him deeply, but did he love her? No. Then there was no reciprocity, and by every prompting of humanity, Estelle's claim should be recognized.

At least such were the wild arguments that went surging through the actress' brain as she began counting the minutes before they must part. What if she should speak some of them to Dean? Suppose he shared her views, but had hesitated about expressing himself? If he offered to give up wife, home, his brilliant future, all for her, would she have the strength to resist, as she had told him a few hours before that duty would have prompted her to resist him had he asked her to be his wife that night in Beverley?

For an instant she gave her imagination the reins, and saw herself and Gilbert flying from duty, from the right, abandoned to love, with no other thought than to be happy. And would they be? Ah, no. A shiver passed over her. Dean noticed it.

"What is it, Estelle?" he asked anxiously, tenderly.

"I was only thinking—thinking how

wrong it is for you to be here, how wrong in me to have let you come."

"But you didn't let me come," he answered, with a smile. "I came on the mere chance that I would find you here. Call it chance that I came."

"I can't, Gilbert. I was weak. I might have telegraphed sooner and told you—well, told you we were not to play here. A written lie would have been better than the acted one you have been living tonight."

"Telegraphed sooner, Estelle!" he replied. "What do you mean by that? You did not telegraph at all."

"Ah, but I did; sent the message when I knew it would be too late for you to catch the train to bring you here."

A wrinkle creased Dean's forehead.

"You did telegraph me, Estelle?" he exclaimed. "For heaven's sake, what did you say in the message?"

"Why, Gilbert, did I do anything wrong? You asked me to wire you when we were to play in Albany."

"But I did not suppose any such message would come after I had left. Quick, what did you say?"

"Let me think. Oh, my dear, I hope I have not been the means of bringing trouble to you!"

"No, it is probably all right." Dean caught his breath quickly between each word. "Only tell me just what you said, if you can remember."

"I think it was this: 'Will be in Albany tonight.'"

"And what did you sign it?"

Dean leaned forward eagerly for the answer.

"Why, just simply 'E. O.' But you look very serious. Was it wrong? You told me to telegraph, you know."

"You sent it to the office, did you not?" said Dean, his hand trembling slightly.

"Yes; just where I have addressed the letters," Estelle replied. "Tell me, do you think any harm has come of it? If there has—"

"Don't worry, Estelle." But his face was a shade whiter. "It is probably all right. You did just as I told you, any way. Do not let us spoil our last few minutes together by being anxious over mere possibilities."

But the shadow did not lift from Estelle's face. As they walked back to the hotel—for the rain had ceased at midnight—she kept continually reverting to the matter. "I knew I was right, Gilbert," she said, "when I told you that day on the train that you ought not to see me again. It means

danger for both of us. You will let me know, dear, will you not, whether—whether any evil has befallen by reason of that despatch?"

"Surely I will, little one. Don't forget to give me your route before I leave you."

"Only till Friday; that will be long enough for news of today to reach me. After that you must not write again; it is too perilous."

Dean did not plead; he knew that Estelle would relent.

"Tell me that you love me, dear," he said instead; "that you will think of me every day, and won't forget your promise to let me know if you are in trouble."

They were near the hotel now. There was no one else in the street. She looked up into his face in the starlight.

"I do love you with all my heart, Gilbert; love you too well to permit any harm to come to you through me."

"And by one foolish act I put myself beyond such love. Oh, Heaven be kind to me!" The words were uttered with a dramatic effect finer than anything Estelle had ever played to on the stage. The pathos of it swept away all reserve. She put out her hands to him. He drew her into his arms, and the kiss she gave him was as manna to his starving soul.

"Why must I not see her again?" he asked himself after he had gone to his room. "If that telegram has betrayed me, I might as well be betrayed for much as for little."

The company were to play in Newark the next day, and before he slept Dean wrote this note to Estelle:

I shall take breakfast with you at eight. I have decided to accompany you as far as Poughkeepsie. I can then just make the connections that will get me back in Islington by nine in the evening.

Estelle rebuked him with her lips when he met her the next morning, but there was joy in her eyes. He took a chair next to hers in the drawing room car, and once more they talked of the old days in Lakefield, and the morning flew by on the wings of love. Once Dean heard a little girl across the aisle whisper, "Mama, don't you think they are bride and groom?" He smiled when he repeated this to Estelle, but she looked grave as she replied:

"What if she knew the truth?"

When Dean left her at Poughkeepsie, he stood on the platform of the station and watched a fluttering handkerchief at one of the car windows of the New York train till she who held it was

carried beyond his vision. Then he heaved a great sigh, and turned his face back towards Islington.

VIII.

If the night had seemed long to Louise, the day succeeding it appeared endless. And yet, when she thought of what the future might have in store, she felt that she ought to cling covetously to every minute of the present, fraught with anguish as it was. The sun shone brilliantly after the storm, and the flood of light that poured in at the windows was such a mockery of the gloom that enshrouded her soul that she wished the rain might have continued.

She had an engagement at eleven to go to the hospital and read for an hour to a patient whom her circle of King's Daughters had taken in charge. It was a woman whose husband had left her, and who was dying of a broken heart. Louise pictured her own friends talking afterwards of how it must have tried her soul to minister to one whose trouble was so closely akin to her own. She did not see how she could go today, but she knew it was her duty; and only duty was left to her now.

When afternoon came she shut herself in her room on the pretense of sleeping, but really to think, to plan. Should she tell Gilbert of her discovery? She carried that telegram in the bosom of her gown. Yes, she must tell him of it. The message belonged to him; she had no right to keep it after he arrived.

Suppose he should admit his guilt, what must then be her course? Her inclination would be to go away somewhere, where she would never see him again, never hear his name; but that would be equivalent to publishing his disgrace to the world, providing it were not known already.

What if this were the case, and she were the last instead of the first to know of her husband's defection? Could this possibly be—that she had been pitied and talked about, and blamed, perhaps? But whether this were so or not, where could she go? She was now living in the home that had been hers from a child. Her parents were both dead. She remembered how people said, when her father died, what a fortunate thing it was she had married such a sterling fellow as Gilbert Dean, who could take Mr. Dartmouth's place in everything that went to the management of the great business and the making of the luxurious home.

There was Uncle John Peterson, who lived on a farm over in Vermont. She would

see no one if she went there, and he was true as steel, and would care for her devotedly. But what would life be worth to a woman of her tastes and aspirations, buried away from all culture and social contact with the busy world of thought and action?

No, she would not submit to being driven out from that which was really her own. If any one was to go, it must be he, who had brought this shadow upon her life. She had done no wrong; he was guilty, and must suffer. And it was in this mood that she passed the rest of the day.

While she was at dinner a telegram came from Dean, dated in Albany, saying he would be home at nine. Louise checked the sensation of joy that possessed her at the thought of soon seeing him again. "He is not worthy of my respect even," she told herself. "Why must I give him my love? He has made me to suffer. Now it will be his turn."

As nine o'clock drew near, a feverish excitement began to possess her. She felt her cheeks to be burning. She tried to arrange in her mind just the order in which she would convict him out of his own mouth. She would not spare. Why should she? He had not spared her. That he meant to keep her in ignorance of his offense against her, counted for nothing. How two faced he had been! What a hypocrite he was! No wonder he had risked his life to rescue this woman, this actress! And she, Louise, had called him brave for doing it, and had tenderly cared for the woman, held her in her arms, stroked the hair back from her temples, watched beside her bed! Oh, it was monstrous that such things could be; it was a miracle that Gilbert could look her in the face, could take—

Ah, there was his key in the lock now! Her first impulse was not to go to meet him, as she ordinarily did. But that would awaken suspicion. She did not wish to do this; she must show more diplomacy. She would convince him that there were actresses as clever as those who trod the boards of the theater. Then she hurried out into the hall and flung her arms about his neck with all her old time fervor. She wondered a little that she did not shrink from the contact, but she was watching herself closely.

"Did you get my telegram?" he asked, as, with his arm about her waist, he returned with her to the library, where his easy chair was ready for him in front of the burning logs in the grate.

"Yes, while I was at dinner. It was so thoughtful of you to wire me. But then,

that is just like you, Gilbert; always thinking to do little things that will please me." She watched to note if he would flinch on hearing this, but not a muscle quivered; at least not so long as she dared look. She found that she could not entirely trust herself yet.

He sank into his chair with a sigh of content. "How good it is to be at home again," he murmured; and putting out his hand, he drew her to a favorite seat—on an ottoman beside him, where she could rest both arms across his knee and look up into his face as they talked.

"You have missed me, then, Gilbert?" she asked softly.

"Of course I have missed you, little one. You want me to tell you how often your face kept coming between me and those prosy legislators I was trying to move in Illford's behalf?" He bent down and kissed her again.

"And did you succeed? Do you think you will get the bill through?" She could scarcely steady her voice sufficiently to frame the words. She was thinking of the traitorous embrace she had just received; of the awful string of falsehoods she had now opened the way for him to tell.

"I think we shall," he replied, without an instant's hesitation. "I put in some good work this morning. I couldn't do as much as I expected last night."

"What did you do with yourself last evening, then? Didn't it rain in Albany as it did here?"

"Yes, poured. Illford and I sat in the lobby of the hotel, smoking and swapping stories of frontier life. You know he was in the army once; was quartered at Fort Niobrara. He was quite surprised to hear that I had been for six months on a Texan ranch. Do you remember what a cowboy guy I was when you first saw me there, Louise?"

"You were never a guy in my eyes, Gilbert," she replied quickly. She forgot, for the instant, the hated task she had set herself. She was transported in memory back to that night when her heart told her that her eyes were looking upon a man she could easily love. But it was only an instant's lapse; sweeping over her again came the consciousness of the full perfidy of her husband who could so easily pile untruth upon untruth. She must test him still further, and then reveal what she knew.

She reached out one hand and took that Sunday paper from the table.

"So you stayed at the hotel all the evening," she went on, glancing with apparent

carelessness up and down the columns. "I rather thought you might go to the theater."

"To the theater?" he replied, in well affected surprise. "Why, my dear, you know that you care more for that sort of thing than I do."

"But I thought the attraction in this instance," she went on, with a tinge of sarcasm, "would be too strong for you to resist. The 'Borrowed Plumes' company was playing in Albany last night. Surely you have not forgotten Estelle Osgood?" She held the paper up for him to see, with her finger on the announcement. But her eyes were fixed on his face.

There was only surprise in his. "Why, is that so?" he exclaimed, taking the paper. "It is too bad I did not know of it. I might have taken Illford. I could have told him the story of that experience of ours with the leading woman, and he would have been doubly interested."

Louise's lip was trembling by this time. What an accomplished liar her husband was! She inserted one hand in her corsage and drew out the telegram. "If this had not come too late," she said, rising as she passed it over to him, "you would have had no excuse for not knowing."

She stepped back to the mantelpiece, rested one elbow upon it, and watched him as he read the despatch. It seemed but an instant that he glanced at it, then he had crushed it together in his hand, and had come over to stand in front of her.

"What do you mean, Louise?" he asked. There was no terror in his tones, no sign of nervousness even. "What has this telegram to do with Miss Osgood?"

"Everything, as it is from her. No, don't speak. You already have enough to answer for, and now that I have found you out, you need no longer wear the mask. So you went to Albany to oblige Mr. Illford, and stayed with him at the hotel all the evening, smoking and telling stories! And I—I was sitting here alone with that message before me, its every word burning into my soul the conviction of your treachery. I did not want to believe it; I would not believe it at first, but with the proof in my hand, oh, merciful Heaven, what else could I do?"

She felt that her voice was breaking; that tears of anguish were forcing themselves to her eyes, which she had hoped, instead, to make blaze with indignation. She turned away and bowed her head upon the mantel. She figured herself remembering this culminating moment in her life's history to

her dying day; the moment when Gilbert knew that she knew his deception.

"And on such slight evidence as this you believe so much ill of me." He was speaking softly into her ear; she could just feel his arm as he passed it lightly around her.

She faced him quickly. "Prove that I was wrong," she entreated. "But you cannot, you cannot. Those were her initials; you knew her before that accident, I am sure you did; and you went to Albany expressly to meet her. How could you so deceive me?"

"You have jumped at conclusions, woman like, Louise." Dean's voice was as firm as it had ever been in his life. It was one of the times when it had to be firm. "Listen: this message is from Illford. He told me he had sent it, thinking he had not made it quite plain in his letter just when he would be in Albany, as he had two dates under consideration."

"But how could it be from Mr. Illford?" Louise interposed. "His initials are not E. O."

"No, but they are E. I.—Eugene Illford. The mistake is easily accounted for. In telegraphy two dots stand for both letters, but there is a little longer space between them in the O than in the I. The operator simply did not pay close enough attention, and got them mixed. Why, my dear little girl, you don't know how it pains me to have you think such monstrous things of me. Besides, consider how absurd your supposition was. When did this telegram arrive?"

"It was sent up here from the office about half past five yesterday afternoon."

"Well, then, granting it was from Miss Osgood, of what use would it have been to me, as I could not possibly get to Albany that night, and the company, as you can see for yourself by the paper, play there for that date only?"

"But the same reason would show that the despatch was not sent by Mr. Illford," Louise responded.

"With this difference," Dean answered at once; "that he expected to stop over today as he did, and only sent this message as an extra measure of precaution, to insure my being there some time during his stay. Are you satisfied now, little one?"

Louise threw her head back and looked up into his face. How she longed to believe him, to trust him! And why should she not? Was not his story a reasonable one? As she regarded it now, with this new light cast upon it, the light of love, how flimsy a structure seemed that fabric of deceit she

had brought herself to look upon as her husband's work! Placed beneath the rays of this powerful illuminant, even that episode in the farm house dwindled into insignificance. There were a hundred ways of accounting for his suddenly beginning to make himself agreeable to this woman, other than the one her suspicions had caused her to hit upon. And as for the incident in the theater at Beverley, and on the train, why, the sting she had found in these was altogether of her own making. Was not she the unworthy one? Their eyes met; his did not waver. "Gilbert, my husband, forgive me!" she cried, throwing her arms about his neck.

She clung there, weeping convulsively. How cruelly she had wronged him! She did not deserve such generous treatment at his hands.

"I am not worthy of you, Gilbert," she sobbed.

Louise was radiantly happy now, so happy, indeed, that presently she began to make light of her misery.

"Why, I even envied poor Mrs. Upton," she said. "And I was wondering where I should go if it came to my leaving you. But it was very lucky the occasion didn't arise, because I knew I should be miserable in any place without you. And once I actually caught myself planning to wait and ask your advice. Fancy that, when I imagined that you had gone off and left me. Wasn't it absurd?" And Louise laughed, and Dean laughed with her, and then she became almost hysterical as she recalled how confidently she had expected never to see his lips part in a smile for her again.

"This is the happiest day of my life, dear," she said to him as they went up stairs together.

"And of mine," he whispered back. And he wondered why a bolt from heaven did not strike him dead for the lie; and when Louise had gone to her dressing room, he stood for a moment at the window, looking up at the stars, and doubting if they shone down on a more wretched man in all the world.

(To be continued.)



THE PRELUDE TO "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."

SUDDEN the silence shattered into sound;
 Cloud bursts of harmony broke on my ear;
 And then it seemed to me that *you* were near!
 My heart rose up to meet you with a bound;
 The melody gushed fuller, and I found
 Your hand in mine, and life grew strangely dear;
 And in the flood of music swelling clear
 And high and strong, all things save love were drowned.

A clamorous sea of chords swept o'er my soul,
 Submerging reason. Mutinous desire
 Stood at the helm; the stars were in eclipse;
 I heard wild billows beat, and thunders roll;
 And as the universe flamed into fire,
 I swooned upon the reef of coral lips.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WAS SHE JUSTIFIED?

By E. M. Halliday.

WHEN I was leaving San Francisco to come to New York my old friend Mr. Murray, the lawyer, gave me a letter of introduction to Mrs. Preston and her daughter, who lived on Madison Square.

"I haven't seen Mary Preston for twenty years," he said, "but she was the sweetest girl that ever lived. A little weak and yielding, perhaps. I like a woman with lots of snap, myself—and Mary was too goody goody. She has a daughter who is grown up now. Mary was old Colonel Pitkin's only child, and she married Preston—as fine a fellow as ever lived—before she had been out here from Virginia six months. The colonel and Preston went into some Mexican scheme, and made money, but the climate down there killed Pitkin. I suppose it was that which warned Preston that something might happen to him. He put his whole fortune into interest bearing securities, so that when he died, a short time after, Mary had only to pick up a handful of papers and her baby, and come back home.

"If it had been anybody but Mary, she would have married again. But no; she was wrapped up in that child. She took her off to Europe, and they have just returned. The baby is a woman now, and if she's anything like her mother and father, she ought to be a fine one, with beaux till she can't rest."

I found Mr. Murray's prophecy correct—except in one direction. Mrs. Preston was less than forty, but her hair was gray on her temples, and she carried a subdued manner which added ten years to her apparent age. By the side of her tall, splendid daughter she seemed very timid and frail, and sweetly gentle.

"The beaux till she can't rest" were not there. After two years in New York, the Prestons knew almost nobody. Quiet people of refined tastes may live for years in a great city and make no friends.

Edyth finally rode into society on horseback. I fancy that it was not so much of an accident as it looked, when young Mr. Dinwiddie's colt ran away on the dirt road

in the park, and crashed into Miss Preston's mare. It was a reversal of the usual order of things when she put out her strong young arm, grasped his horse's bit, and held it until the rider controlled the unbroken beast. Mr. Dinwiddie was a fair and gallant picture in his riding dress, pouring out his apologies and thanks to Miss Preston. She approved of him from the crown of his shining head to the tips of his russet boots.

When the Dinwiddie mother and sisters called to thank her for "rescuing Tom," they approved of her and her belongings. They looked about the little drawing room hung with ivory brocade, and furnished in gobelin. They saw the good water colors on the walls, the pink roses in the tall vases, and the friendly wood fire; and they decided that the Prestons were "nice."

They found out that every record behind the Prestons was "nice." Here were dignity, breeding, beauty, and money. In two months Edyth Preston and Tom Dinwiddie were engaged, and the whole town was saying pleasant things.

"Dear Edyth is so young, and has been so devoted to her charming mother, that she has never been properly presented to society," Mrs. Dinwiddie told everybody.

All the men slapped Tom on the shoulder, wished him joy, and asked him how he had done it. The two people most interested were proud of each other and as perfectly happy as two people could be.

The week before Edyth was married was the coldest, snowiest season of the whole winter. Mrs. Preston had asked me to come and stay until Edyth came back from the wedding journey. She was so timid she disliked staying alone, she said.

"Mamsie needs a prop," Edyth said, holding her thin shoulders and smiling fondly into her mother's eyes. When we went out into the hall together, afterwards, she turned to me, and added seriously, "I believe mother misses my father as much today as the day he died. I have seen her look at the door as though she expected him to walk in. I just remember him—such a glorious big man as he was!"

Edyth was to be married on Tuesday morning, and after an informal reception to a few of the old friends of the Dinwiddies, who were Edyth's new ones, they were to start for Florida.

On Saturday Edyth went down to spend the day with Tom's married sister on Long Island. The elder Mr. Dinwiddie was to take her.

They had started off in a gale of merriment in the morning, and Edyth was to come home to dinner. It was a little past the hour, and her mother and I were waiting for her, with only one gas jet and the cheerful logs to give us light, when we heard the bell.

"That is Edyth now," I said; and then there were sounds of an altercation in the hall. Some one was insisting upon seeing Mrs. Preston. We both arose. The portières were put aside, and there stood before them a figure that looked most incongruous in that exquisite apartment. It was the wreck of a man. He must once have been powerful and handsome, but now his chest and cheeks were hollow, and his bony hands trembled. He looked at Mrs. Preston with a pitiful, feverish gaze, as a condemned man might look at his judge. There was something defiant in it, too. I expected to hear her send for the coachman to have him put out. I think that was her first impulse, and then her lips set together in a line I did not know.

"You may go," she said to the maid, and then she turned to the man. "What do you want?"

He did not seem to notice me, and she had forgotten me. She was taking the chance, I saw presently, of getting through before Edyth returned, and she could not think of everything.

They say that melodrama is unreal, and that genuine people do not show their emotions in these days. I wish I could begin to forget what I saw then, by believing it to be acting.

That awful, soaked, freezing wreck fell upon his knees before that woman.

"Mary! Mary!" he sobbed, "let me see her, just once! Just once! I shan't live long. I am dying. You can see that I am dying. They say that she is going to marry and go away. I read it in the paper, and where you lived. I couldn't keep away. Let her speak to me *once*!" His voice was hoarse and gasping. It was horrible.

"How dare you come here?" she said.

"I must see her." Only once! She is mine as well as yours."

"Yes, yours that you deserted, as you deserted her mother. It is not your fault that she is not a beggar, as you rightly are. You would have put every penny out of our hands. You compelled me, *me*, to be a thief, a criminal, to steal what was rightly mine and hers—the fortune you had gathered up to take with you, to spend on that——" Her voice was getting beyond her control, and she recovered herself. "How dare you come here?"

"I swear you were mistaken. I meant to leave your share of the money." She sneered in his face. "I was a fool—but I have suffered. I ask—oh, God, Mary! I ask only to see Edyth for one moment."

"To soil her happiness; to show her her mother as a liar, and her father as an outcast; to blast every sweet belief of her youth; to make the good people who love her call us adventuresses, or at least look at her with pity; to ruin her life—*never*!"

"Let me see her! I will not tell her who I am. Let me see her!"

His voice was entreating like a sick child's. The tears were on my cheeks. Mrs. Preston drew aside her skirts.

"Get up," she said, "and go. If there is one fiber of manhood left in your body, you will continue to let my child think her father dead and honorable!"

He lifted himself painfully to his feet, and walked, tottered, out through the portières that clung to his wet coat as though they pitied and would warm him.

I looked from the window; coming up the steps I saw Edyth. Rosy, happy, the snow crystals clinging to her furs and to the feathers in her big hat, she was an incarnation of radiant youth. I sprang toward the door, and her mother moved with me. The man was on the step, and the door was open. We held our breaths.

Edyth stopped for an instant, wondering at the sight of a beggar coming from the front door. The man did not seem to notice her. She spoke to him, and as he looked up, he met eyes that were the eyes of his own youth, looking at him with an infinite pity.

"You look ill," Edyth said. "What can I do for you?"

She opened her purse. He put one hand up over his mouth as though he feared that he might speak, and pushing away, with the other, the coin she offered, he moved down the steps.

As he looked back, in his feverish eyes, his dying eyes, was the look of the soul who has seen paradise and knows it lost.

DELEGATE FRANCIS SATOLLI.

The interest that surrounds the official head of the Catholic church in America—Mgr. Satolli's ecclesiastical career, his democratic personality, and the meaning of his mission to the United States.

By John Talbot Smith.

THE importance which at present attaches to the personality of the papal representative in this country is largely journalistic. A nuncio in Europe might come and go every day without getting more than a ten line notice from the newspapers; Mgr. Satolli does not pack his gripsack but a half column is allowed him. A diplomatic restraint is admitted by European journalists, which has no existence here. Hence it is often quite difficult to distinguish the real from the exaggerated personality created by the reporters. Mgr. Satolli is an eminent scholar, and at present holds as high an office and as great a rank as the Roman Catholic church can bestow on any man; but neither his rank nor his office is so extraordinary as to merit the space devoted to him in the journals.

The clerical work connected with the administration of the church in America has heretofore been in charge of a Roman congregation known to the public as the Propaganda, which has superintendence of all missionary countries. When the Catholic body in a missionary country is of a size to warrant the change, the Propaganda hands over its powers and duties to that body itself. If the Pope has treaty relations with the particular country, as in France, a nuncio from Rome resides at the capital; where no treaty relations exist, as in the United States, the pontiff is represented by a delegation, such as Mgr. Satolli established at Washington.

The man thus honored by the greatest Pope of many centuries is physically a plain, unpretentious individual, very Italian in appearance, and without any peculiarities that might indicate the

prince of the church, or the diplomat. His eyes are small, but set so wide apart as to look large except when photographed. His mouth is wide to the point of ugliness, his skin is dark and sallow. His figure is lean, and possesses the Italian suppleness and grace. The one feature which marks the man above his fellows is his splendid head, with the vivacity of his expression. Few public men carry a head so indicative of character and intellectual power, so beautiful in its lines of strength, or more attractive to the artistic eye. In conversation and in repose alike his face has no diplomatic dullness and reserve; it expresses the feeling of the moment with true Italian force and variety.

His life is simplicity itself. His high rank has not altered the simple life to which he was used as a professor. As delegate he enjoys a salary of five thousand dollars a year, and can address royalty familiarly. Americans smile at so princely a revenue and so profitable a privilege. In Rome a titular prelate is nothing compared to the ruler of a diocese, and even a cardinal may cut a humble figure when not an official of the administration. To be the friend of the reigning Pope is a great thing, but the pontiff dies and the favorite is dethroned.

What is beyond dignities and passing power, Mgr. Satolli is a scholar. He has filled the chair of the professor with distinction, and is a specialist in the Thomistic theology. His success in difficult research first won for him the regard of his great friend, Pope Leo, who is a disciple of the famous Dominican, and was the restorer of his philosophy to the schools. In the seminary

of Perugia, where the present Pope was once archbishop, Francis Satolli studied and taught under the eye of his master. The two loves of a student are: his books and retirement. Had he his own way, he would have sought the solitude of such institutions as Monte Cassino, and delivered himself to the pleasures of study and composition. As it is, he has given to the world a few profound volumes which have won for him the praise of scholars. His learning is of the deepest, and it is of a character that makes him thoroughly acquainted with the thought of the time. The history of philosophy is the history of the human mind—in other words, of man; he has it at his finger ends, and he has interpreted it with the aid of that master of men and events, Leo XIII. Hence his sympathy with the latest development of history, the United States.

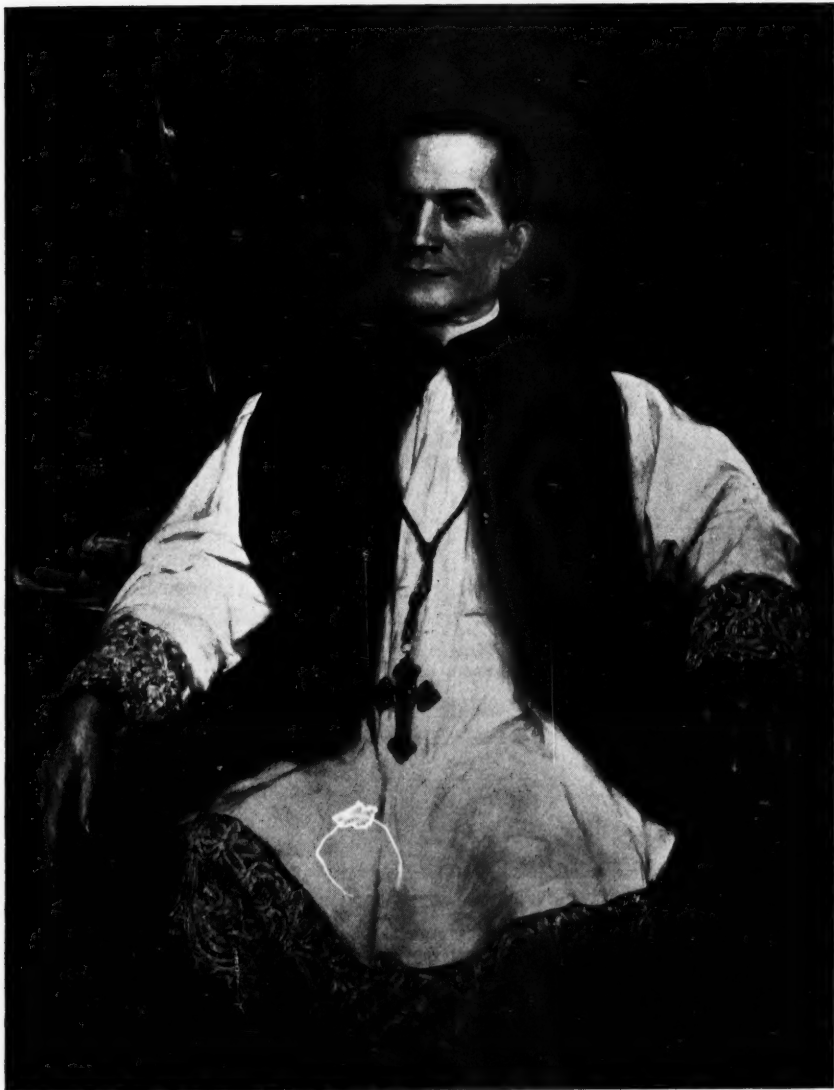
It has been urged against him that he can neither understand nor appreciate the country to which he has been accredited, because he is an Italian and comprehends only monarchical government. The same criticism might be brought against Leo XIII; yet that pontiff has declared for the French republic, and has made America his special care and study. He might have sent to the Catholic body here a trained diplomat like Jacobini; but in order to make sure that his sympathy for democracy should have representation, as well as his power, he chose as his delegate his friend Satolli, who never trained for diplomacy.

Roman ecclesiastics who desire a diplomatic career are trained as Lord Dufferin was trained. They begin as attachés in a nuncio's office, and rise by degrees to the highest positions, compelled to learn all the details of a perilous profession, where the slightest mistake is fatal to advancement. Delegate Satolli, on the other hand, stepped at once from the professor's chair to the diplomatic dignity, which is the American fashion, as in the instance of Lowell and White. That he is no diplomat Mgr. Satolli knows, and every one admits. Had he been trained to the subtleties of political life, he would not have risked the

excitement and passion which followed the restoration of Dr. McGlynn. The blunders of such a man attest his sincerity, which is too much to say for the mistakes of a diplomat.

It is not generally known that he is a speaker of great power. Most of his public addresses have been to churchmen, and are delivered in severe and elegant Latin, as a rule, where phrasing is more than elocution. In his native Italian he wields over his audience an influence not unlike Salvini's, making them comprehend his meaning, if not his words, by the intensity of his utterance, warmth of feeling, transparent gesture, and expressive countenance. It seems an easy task for him to excite an audience to unbounded enthusiasm, even though his language be unknown.

His presence in America has been variously interpreted, and its real meaning has been steadily overlooked. It is a familiar fact that our country suffers from unavoidable friction among the different races settled here. The Roman congregation of the Propaganda has suffered from the same cause, many of these races being Catholic, and their differences in religious affairs naturally finding their way to Rome. Year after year the trouble from this quarter has increased rather than diminished, not only because new races have found their way here, but because some of their leaders have purposely delayed the process of assimilation. The tongues and the customs of Europe were kept up, even propagated and grafted on the American tree. Thence arose jealousies and contentions, of which the country is weary. To put an end to them, to do away with Europe in America as fast as nature will permit, to make the Catholic body of one language, of one habit, as well as of one country—this is the friendly mission of Delegate Satolli to the United States. It may be said that the country could have attended to that matter itself. Without doubt it could; but it would have been compelled to wait a century for results which the papal representative, by his influence over the Catholic body, can produce in a single generation,



Mgr. Satolli.

Photographed by James L. Breece from the portrait by A. Müller Ury—Copyrighted, 1894, by James L. Breece.

However, a discussion as to aim and methods is unnecessary here. It is enough to know that the chief official among Catholic Americans is a man of culture and ability, a ripe and eminent scholar, and a sincere sympathizer with American ideas of popular government. His appointment has given the supporters of absolute monarchy in Europe some anxiety, for it signifies renewed

interest in theories of democratic rule. Pope Leo rendered important service to the French republic in two recent crises—so important, in the opinion of Charles A. Dana, that without it the republic would not have weathered the storm. It may yet appear that in the appointment of Satolli to the American mission he did the people's cause another notable service.



WINTER JEWELS.

We thought in June that earth was offering
Her richest gems to deck the woodland scene
With sapphire buds, with glint of ruby wing
Beneath a leafy roof of emerald green.

Yet gaze again today—a topaz sky
Arches above this winter paradise;
Rich pearls of snow o'er earth's fair bosom lie;
The trees are hung with diamonds of ice.

DE HOSBROUCK NOV. 94



Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

From the miniature by Gerald S. Hayward.

MODERN MINIATURE PAINTING.

*How an old and beautiful art has been revived to become a fad of present day society
—The unique charm of good miniatures, and the interesting methods
of their makers.*

By James Clarence Harvey.

ZEUXIS, who painted grapes so naturally that the birds pecked at them, and Parrhasius, whose pencil delineated a curtain so successfully that a rival artist attempted to pull it aside in order to view the picture underneath, undoubtedly owe much of the luster that surrounds their names to the fact that their works are not available for comparison with those of modern artists.

The painting of grapes and curtains, however, and the portraiture of the human face, are branches of art as widely separated as two branches of the same art can be. In the one case, a soulless, inanimate object, ever the same, is before the artist for absolute imitation; in the other there exist the myriad changes of expression that betoken the mental workings of a human brain, and the countless emotions of a human soul. A memory, a strain of music, an aroma,

the buzzing of an insect, may so transform the sitter's expression that the artist, glancing up for verification of a pencil stroke, may find practically a new subject before him. In these countless shiftings lies the painter's opportunity.

Today he may catch a glance of the eye, when at its best, although the mouth be for the time expressionless; tomorrow the mouth may assume the wished for smile, though the eyes lack luster and fire. The ability to seize the inspiration of the moment is the passport to the inner shrine, where art and letters give dole for deeds well done.

As, in the world of sculpture, the carver of the ivory Christ may clasp hands and walk with him who models colossal Jove, and as the maker of the sonnet may know the realm of song as well as he whose cantos roll through ponderous tomes, so in the art world the miniaturist may cry: "Hail, fellow,

well met," to the painter of mighty frescos, or to him whose works would cover with canvas the miniatures of all the world.

In the laws of compensation it is written that what the miniature lacks in size shall be made good by the place it holds in the hearts of humanity. The portrait in oil hangs upon the wall; we

ment as well as a work of art. It must possess the subtle something that is found in the gleam of a bright eye, the flash of a smile, the odor of a flower, or the breath of a song. As the humming bird flits through the air on a summer's day, we see it, in its passage, at its best. The sheen of its dainty wings, the glint of its feathered throat, the



Mrs. Lorillard Spencer.

From the miniature by Amalia Küster.

stand afar and gaze upon it as a thing apart; we admire and pass on; but the miniature comes closer to the heart. Almost cheek to cheek we study the glint of the hair, the coloring of the brow, the infinitesimal curve of the lip, until it seems to smile back to us in token of the nearness of the moment.

"Tell me," I said one day to a well known miniaturist, "tell me some of the first principles upon which you have built your success; for success it is when a few pennies' worth of ivory can be so manipulated that it exchanges for the sustenance of years."

"I never forget," she said, "that a miniature is a thing to charm, an orna-

ment as well as a work of art. It must possess the subtle something that is found in the gleam of a bright eye, the flash of a smile, the odor of a flower, or the breath of a song. As the humming bird flits through the air on a summer's day, we see it, in its passage, at its best. The sheen of its dainty wings, the glint of its feathered throat, the

little body aquiver with delight, all hint at its enjoyment of life in the radiance of the sunbeams. Just so in a miniature, I strive to reproduce that fleeting quality in a face which impresses us and then escapes us, to return again and make way for another as fleeting and fascinating as its predecessor."

"But how does that apply to subjects that are not comely, not beautiful? Must you flatter?"

"No. The simple fact that a miniature is desired betokens the possession of an inherent trait that is to be admired. It is the artist's duty to cultivate that sense of admiration, and draw out, as best he may, further traits to

feed the flame of his enthusiasm. In spite of the ridicule that has been hurled at the painter's mental attitude toward his subject, I hold that only by the creation of an atmosphere can true idealization reach its best; and there is wide ground between flattery and idealization. Flattery removes the mole from the

chic, another demure. One is brilliant, another reposeful. If we throw a scarlet velvet robe about the little Quakeress, we have two discordant keynotes at once, and the miniature suggests insincerity. It is a masquerade.

"The delicate and elusive charm of each personality must be laid in wait for. When it is dis-



Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger.

From the miniature by Amalia Küster.

cheek or the squint from an eye. Idealization selects the side of the face where such a defect does not exist, or emphasizes the brightness of an eye to reduce the obtrusiveness of a blemish to a minimum. The intention to idealize, but not to flatter, must exist in the painter's mind from the start.

"In the matter of coloring, there must be a certain keynote which vibrates with the personality of the subject. Take a dozen society beauties, graceful, fascinating, and bewitching, all charming, yet how varied in type, and diverse in individuality. One is

covered, a thousand fairy-like touches seize it as it flies, while sentiment, intellect, judgment, passion, perhaps inspiration, rejoice in the glory of conquest.

"In the poetic prettiness and sensuousness of the miniature lies the temptation to attribute untruthfulness in its rendition. In most larger portraiture, smoothness of finish is not an essential; it therefore follows that a more realistic and material sense may be exercised; but in the most delicate of the arts, where even the magnifying glass performs its function, fidelity does not mean flattery."

You have looked through the ground glass slide of the photographer's camera, doubtless, and been surprised at a feast of coloring which the naked eye would have ignored. The red rag, soiled and torn, lying across the chair, becomes a bit of drapery, warm and sensuous. As you study it, the tattered edges, the

dainty and sweet and delicate, to be handled gently and kept within reach of the hand.

It was because of this possibility of keeping the family portraits at hand, that the art of miniature painting reached its height over a hundred years ago. France was a seething caldron, and



Mrs. J. O. Armour.

From the miniature by Amalia Küßner.

spots, are there, but there is a general softening, in fact, an idealization of the whole effect. It is what the miniaturist would call a subduing of obtrusiveness.

The assertive features of men, the masterfulness of their more visible individuality, makes them less difficult subjects. As a rule children and women are about equally difficult; but of course the child gives greater opportunity for poetic feeling, exquisite arrangements of color, and loftiness of thought. The innocence of babyhood is to humanity what miniatures are to art, something

royalty of one day became the exile of the next. In a hurried flight, the miniature was thrust into the breast, while the more pretentious painting was left for the torch of the vandal.

In the French Salon of 1891 there were but few if any miniatures displayed. In 1892 there were nearly two hundred, while in 1893 the number had risen to more than three hundred, proving that a once neglected art is again claiming its due.

It is quite possible that the setback to miniature painting, as well as to por-



Mrs. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor.
From the miniature by Gerald S. Hayward.

traiture on a larger scale, was due in part to the invention of the ambrotype. The artistic world imagined that in the development of that invention but little time would elapse before not only light and shade, but also colors, would be reproduced by the aid of the camera. Many of those who had taken up the art of portrait painting as a vocation abandoned it for other pursuits.

In the collections of miniatures which date back to the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, it is most interesting to note the marked, though gradual, improvement in drawing, while the coloring shows, if anything, a slight falling off. Whether this is due to greater care in the preparation of pigments, or to the desire of the artist to make a portrait rather than a picture, is a question. The superb colorist is often deficient in drawing, while he whose lines are faultless may lack that subtle sense which pilfers from the rainbow itself its choicest intermediate har-

monies. To compare and study the works of those whose names have been carved in stone or set on high in letters of brass, to place them side by side for private criticism as well as admiration, is to help to lift the art of the future above the art of the past.

Holbein, Hilliard, and Chalon, against whom to breathe a word is heresy, maintained that for the miniature there was a sublimity and superiority in "the action of repose." It was their belief, and so became a law; but in the nineteenth century of fashion and *verve*, where affluence holds the reins, it is not enough to offer *savoir faire* as of old; *savoir vivre* must go hand in hand with it.

In such an atmosphere repose may enter, but must not usurp. The artist of today, then, has a golden precept to follow: "Be in touch with the time."

There was a time when the great artist was called "the inventor of beauty." That will not do today. In the here and now of intellectuality he may be the "discoverer" of beauty, but not the "inventor."



Mrs. Painter.
From the miniature by Gerald S. Hayward.

The successful miniaturist must have esthetic intensity and refinement; tender, delicate faculties of perception, and, to a marked degree, concentration and untiring patience. To this should be added a rich physical and emotional temperament, and that God-given power of winnowing the wheat from the chaff, picking out that which is most beauti-

beholding it. Much of this artist's work has been done in Europe, where he has painted miniatures of the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Russia, and a long list of royal and titled subjects. Many of his dainty portraits have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, where they have won warm commendations.

As in all branches of art, the charla-



Mrs Richard Townsend.

From the miniature by Amalia Künner.

ful, and permitting the soul to admire unselfishly.

The infinite pains and patience of the old monks above their missals, where a score of miniatures represented as many years of ceaseless toil, have no place in the rush and bustle of a busy age. Crisp and vigorous miniatures executed during the spare hours of a fortnight now stand beside those masterpieces in justifiable rivalry.

A reproduction of Gerald Hayward's miniature of Mrs. Chatfield Taylor fails to preserve the transparent luster of the skin, and the soulfulness of the expression, but in its drawing hints at the subtle skill which can produce works of such merit that the eye never tires of

tan plays his part in the making of miniatures. To save time, an alleged miniaturist will have a faint outline photographed upon ivory, apply his color, and call the result a miniature. This is not art, nor does the picture thus painted retain the subtle charm of imperishability. Before long the chemicals employed to sensitize the surface of the ivory begin to assert themselves, to the detriment of the color pigments, until at last there remains a photograph, flat, stale, and insipid.

It may be said that the majority of the older miniatures possess a quality which seems to suggest that the blood is flowing beneath the pictured skin more vigorously than in the work of

later artists. Perhaps age does this for them. If so, when age has mellowed such work as that in the miniature of Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, France will share her honors with America. This little gem breathes an atmosphere as regal as that of any pictured queen among the antiques. Its ideality never degenerates into exaggeration of beauty. The soft mass of velvet draped across the bust is of a rare coral, changeful in its luster, and held in place by a band of rubies, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and pearls, which in the original defy the attempts of the eye to detect the lack of shimmer and sheen of true gems. The hair is deep brown, and offsets a large, yellow, hybrid rose in which the tint of the sunbeams lingers. A dreaminess of outline is given by the white tulle which so delicately softens the glow of



Mrs. Frank Tilford,

From the miniature by Amalia Küssner.

the flesh tones against the wine brown background.

In striking contrast to the dignity and repose of this miniature is the dash and vigor of the counterfeit presentment of Mrs. J. O. Armour. It has the *chic* of Paris. The spirit of society is manifest in it. A pink satin gown embroidered with gold is thrown into bold relief by a suggestion of distant trees and sky, expressed more in the coloring than in the drawing.

Sweetly graceful and unaffected is the repose of figure in the miniature of Mrs. Edward Reeve Merritt. By comparing these three modern miniatures, by an artist who has not yet reached maturity, it is easy to detect the infinite possibilities in depicting character, even with brushes which half a dozen hairs make almost too clumsy. The color scheme



Mrs. Edward Reeve Merritt.

From the miniature by Amalia Küssner.



Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer.
From the miniature by Amalia Küster.

of this last miniature is restful, yet does not resort to contrasts that are too mild and unsatisfying. The blue eyes and blond hair give strength to the somewhat dramatic pose; the expression of face is that of meditation. The draperies are of mauve satin and delicate, sober, yellow velvet, with chiffon over the left shoulder. The pink rose, with its green leaves, adds the touch of vivid color needed to afford the eye opportunity for comparison.

It is not always possible to determine from a miniature the general physique of the subject, but in the reproduction of Mrs. Frank Tilford's the fact that the sitter is *petite* and dainty is made unmistakable. The figure stands out from a greenish pink background. As in the miniature of Mrs. Merritt, roses are used to give life and vigor where the painter of larger pictures would introduce landscape or furnished interiors.

In Mrs. Lorillard Spencer the artist finds the perfect type of blonde. The flesh tones of this miniature defy criticism. Age cannot mellow, nor experience improve upon the warmth and life and velvet smoothness of the skin. It is dainty beyond words, and even in the uncolored reproduction it tells of the possibilities for beauty which live in its harmonious coloring.

The miniature of Miss Hambleton, by the French artist Serafon, is remarkable because it fascinates more by what it suggests than by what it actually reveals. The hair is almost sketchy, and the details of dress simple in the extreme; yet the soulfulness of thought behind the eyes, rather than in them, bespeaks the true artist, not the mere portrait painter.

In the portrait of Mrs. Richard Townsend the painter has found no need for roses or brilliant coloring, the keynote of the miniature being its infinite repose.



Mrs. Charles Hamot Strong.
From the miniature by Amalia Küster.

The same poetic temperament has given to the regal beauty of Mrs. Strong, of Erie, a bit of ermine wonderfully portrayed, not as a background or a foil, but as a harmonious and appropriate setting.

Even in the reproduction of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger's vivid miniature it is not difficult to infer a certain masterfulness which long ago won recognition; a masterfulness in which dash and spirit go hand in hand with lofty and fearless thoughts.

It is the suggestion of characteristics, not the reproduction of features, that makes the miniature well nigh immortal.

The color scheme in Mrs. Painter's miniature has but little to do with the artist's thought. Had it been done in black and white the effect would have been almost the same, but in Mrs. Cleveland's the reverse is true. The sittings were given during her first days in the White House, and the poetic delicacy of the work is suggestive of orange blossoms and day dreams.

The immediate future holds in store a hearty welcome for the revival of a neglected art. Miniaturists are destined to multiply, and to take a very high artistic rank; and those shall bear the palm who, laying aside mere thoughts of gain, use the human face and form divine as mediums for thought expression, rather than for the simple catching of the shadow ere the substance fades.

It is not enough to pilfer the drawing



Miss Maud Gladys Hambleton.

From the miniature by Serofen.

from a photograph and by the addition of color create an absolute miniature. The true art is in the strength of original conception, the catching of a gleam in the instant of its flight. When this is done, the first impression is that the artist has flattered; but time proves that in his most successful works the painter has given all the best points of the subject, in such harmony that its fascination grows steadily, until at last you compare the subject with the miniature to detect the deficiencies of nature, rather than compare the miniature with the subject to discover the shortcomings of the artist.



DIFFERENT

I.

I WONDER how she caught me,
Or where the glamour lies,
Or how she gently taught me
To see things with her eyes;
Or how she came to capture
One who likes fellows best;
But ah! I think with rapture,
"She isn't like the rest!"

II.

Of course she's but a woman,
And always wants her way;
She's nothing more than human,
And yet, no single day
Could I exist without her;
The truth must be confessed-
I cannot scorn or doubt her,
"She isn't like the rest!"



THE STAGE

WHAT MAKES A PLAY POPULAR?

MUST the *motif* of a play hover about the breaking of the seventh commandment to make it a popular success? The facts would seem to point that way. "Sowing the Wind" and "The Bauble Shop" are both dramas of this sort, and both draw crowded

houses. They are strong plays; there is no denying that; but then so is "Arms and the Man" a strong play, likewise Jerome's "A Way to Win a Woman." And yet the first named had a scant fortnight's run, while the second filled not a month of Sothorn's three months' stay at the Lyceum.



Isabel Irving.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Can it be that the men and women of refinement who patronize our stock companies enjoy the excitement of seeing to just what length the playwright of today will go in referring to a subject which for conversational purposes is under the ban? Prurient neither of the offending plays may be, but it is a discouraging sign of the times

a late addition to the company, whom Mr. Frohman has loaned to his brother Charles to play Miss Cayvan's rôle in "The Amazons" with Johnstone Bennett.

LOTTA LYNNE'S VERSATILITY.

THE proverbial wolf of poverty is never likely to bark at Miss Lynne's door. She

is just twenty years old, and is leading lady for Chauncey Olcott in "The Irish Artist." But should she fail on the stage—a contingency that seems remote—she could fall back upon her music, as she took the first prize for her piano playing from her instructor in Paris. And in the event of this staff, too, proving to be a broken reed, she still has the ability to teach French and German in reserve, speaking both as well as she does English.

Miss Lynne was born in New York City, comes of good family, and was for two seasons a member of Mr. Daly's company. Last spring she received warm commendation from the critics of the metropolitan press for her work in some French plays. One of these was a gift to her from Sarah Bernhardt, for whom Coppée wrote it.

PERCY HASWELL.

To play Ada Rehan's parts acceptably in a company under Mr. Daly's management calls for no moderate amount of ability, and for courage as well. That this is done by Percy Haswell lends additional interest to the career of the girl from the Lone Star State, who is

now in her sixth season on the stage, having begun to act when she was still at school. Her first important part was in "Sweet Lavender," under Charles Frohman. Later she had a memorable experience with a "Shenandoah" company, being snowed up at Fort Reno for a week. Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell" had her services for the following season; then, after a few weeks with Roland Reed, she entered the Daly company.



Lotta Lynne.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

that where dramas of equal strength and undoubted cleanliness are put forward, the questionable ones draw the largest audiences from the same class of theater goers.

Speaking of the Lyceum, this is Georgia Cayvan's last season there as leading woman of the stock company. She goes out next fall as a star under Dan Frohman's direction. Who will replace her has not yet been announced. It may possibly be Isabel Irving,



Percy Haswell.

Miss Haswell's work is original and consistent throughout. She was warmly praised by the London critics, and it is not hazardous to predict a bright future for her. Her stage presence is particularly pleasing, as may be guessed from the portrait herewith presented.

AMANDA FABRIS.

THE picturesque portrait of Miss Fabris on the next page shows her as *Princess*

Mirane, in the position in which she is discovered at the rise of the curtain on the second act of Francis Wilson's new opera, "The Devil's Deputy." In this part she replaced Adele Ritchie.

Miss Fabris, it will be remembered, was with Mr. Wilson last season in "Erminie," singing the title rôle. This was her first venture in the field of comic opera, to which she came from grand opera. Her début was made at the Metropolitan Opera



Amanda Fabris.

House in 1887, and thereafter she played alternate nights with her cousin, Emma Juch, whom she is considered to resemble in both face and voice. Miss Fabris takes

pride in stating the fact that all her musical education was obtained in this country.

Her surroundings in "The Devil's



Georgia Cayvan.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago

Deputy" are most congenial, for while the opera affords Mr. Wilson unlimited opportunity for the display of those laughter provoking flights of voice and limb of which he is past grand master, it possesses in addition real musical merit. A second hearing is even more enjoyable than the first—a sure sign of good work.

Mr. Wilson has already settled upon his

new operas for the next two seasons. In the spring he goes to London.

HOPPER AND "DR. SYNTAX."

MR. HOPPER disputes with Francis Wilson the distinction of being the cleverest comedian on the American stage. His entire anatomy is permeated with fun; during a performance he works with a vigor that



De Wolf Hopper.

From his latest photograph

brings out the perspiration on the coolest nights. And his reward is the constant laughter of his audiences during the entire performance.

There is a story told of Mr. Hopper's own appreciation of this fact. He was riding one night in a stage from the railroad station to the hotel. He had a good many fellow passengers, and a man opposite Hopper complained that he was being incommoded by the comedian's knees. "Your confounded legs fill the whole omnibus," he growled rudely.

"That's nothing," was Hopper's cheerful rejoinder. "They frequently fill the whole house."

It is difficult to believe that Hopper comes

of Quaker stock. But in spite of their drab habiliments, both his grandfather and father possessed a keen sense of humor. Perhaps Hopper himself never gave a more vivid display of this quality than on the day when he walked into Mr. Harrigan's theater, and informed the actor manager that he wanted to be his leading man. This was in the days when "Long" Hopper, as he was called, was knocking about the country picking up anything he could get. Now he is on his way to millionairessdom.

While Hopper himself is always good, his latest offering, "Dr. Syntax," is not up to the previous operas he has given to the public in his four years as a star. It has no plot, no coherency, and depends entirely

for the amusement it awakens on Mr. Hopper's own untiring efforts.

Those who have seen Hopper only on the stage will find it hard to recognize him in the portrait we present, which is one out of character. There are few who can make such grotesque transformations of their phys-

The scene is laid in Navarre, admitting of picturesque mounting, and the action revolves about *Idalia*, the leading lady of La Fontaine's company of strolling players. This part will be intrusted to Jessie Bartlett Davis, whom the public will be glad to see in a rôle that brings her very frequently



Jessie Bartlett Davis.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

ionomy as this sterling artist in comedy, who is by no means ill to look upon.

"PRINCE ANANIAS."

THE Bostonians begin their metropolitan engagement this season with an elaborate production of their new opera, "Prince Ananias." The score is the work of that well known conductor and sterling musician, Victor Herbert, and the librettist is Francis Neilson, a clever Anglo Scotchman with a romantic history.

upon the scene. Mrs. Davis is delighted with her new part, and says that it is by far the most congenial one which she has filled for several years—principally, as she confided to the writer, because she doesn't have to wear "pants."

The Bostonians remain at the Broadway Theater eight weeks.

MAY YOHE.

THE production of "Little Christopher Columbus" at New York's Garden Theater



May Yohe.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

recalls memories of May Yohe, the Pennsylvania girl who went to England, and is now said to be married to Lord Thomas Hope. It was in the title rôle of this bur-

lesque that Miss Yohe last appeared on the London stage. Her success is one of those mysteries which so frequently puzzle the theater goer, for in New York her critics

agreed that she is an indifferent actress, does not possess a good stage presence, and has a figure by no means striking. She has been before the public about ten years, and in that period has managed to keep her name to the fore in other ways than as a mere delineator of playwrights' creations. Her first appearance was as a chorus girl with the Rice company, but she did not make a hit until she put all the *chic* she possesses into the rendering of *Prince Prettywiltz*, in "The Crystal Slipper," produced at the Chicago Opera House in 1887.

EDWARD J. RATCLIFFE.

UNLIKE so many of his confrères in the profession who leave the drama to



Adelaide Prince.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



E. J. Ratcliffe.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

enter the field of opera, Mr. Ratcliffe is an actor who began as a singer. His first appearance on any stage was made in 1872, when he was eight years old, at Covent Garden. He sang in boy choirs till his voice changed, when he went to India, to fill a position on a silk and indigo plantation. But the drama was not to lose one so well fitted for it. The young Englishman's health gave way, and he returned home just in time to join Mary Anderson's company, and come with her to America.

Mr. Ratcliffe was for several seasons a prominent member of the Lyceum stock company. He is now with Charles Frohman, filling the leading rôle in "Shenandoah."

MR. DALY'S DEFECTION.

THE elevation of the stage still postpones itself depressingly. Richard Mansfield's season in the metropolis was by no means the financial success it should have been. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man,"

the best comedy that has been produced in New York in many a day, languished for lack of patronage, and finally had to be dropped from the repertoire. Meanwhile farce comedies and burlesques "with dance" have played to "House Full" signs. And it is mournful indeed to be obliged to chronicle in this connection that Mr. Daly, the apostle of the legitimate, as it were, has made his theater the autumn home of one of these frothy exhibitions of feminine attractiveness.

Daly's two years ago, playing for a time in "The Prodigal Daughter." She has since married, and the stage knows her no more.

A TYPICAL WESTERN GIRL.

WHEN Georgia B. Welles was only four years old, she made up her mind to become an actress; and when a Chicago girl announces a determination to accomplish a certain purpose, it must be a very big obstacle that causes her to swerve aside. A year later little Georgia



Georgia Welles.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

That it coined money for him during its stay makes his offense none the less heinous. What faith can we have in his boasted ambition to present only the best, now that we have seen it is a mere matter of—we make the paraphrase in all seriousness—"dollars and nonsense"?

Adelaide Prince, by the way, whose portrait appears on page 313, was once a member of the Daly forces, she having made her debut as *Agathe* in "The Great Unknown." She played the same parts as Edith Kingdon (now Mrs. George Gould), and like Miss Kingdon gained her first fame as an amateur actress. This was in the South, of which section Miss Prince is a native. She left

took part in amateur performances. At sixteen she graduated from college, and began the study of the dramatic art in Boston; and the next year she abandoned the school of theory to enter that of practical experience, as a member of a Western company playing a repertoire of standard plays.

Last season Miss Welles won high praise for her ingenue work in the comedy "By Wits Outwitted," by Edward Owings Towne, the Chicago writer. She possesses personal magnetism of an unusual order, and this, combined with beauty, intelligence, and a passion for her work, is a harbinger of a future that should not fall far short of her early dreams.

LITERARY CHAT

A STORY TOLD BY JAMES PAYN.

JAMES PAYN, who amid his editorial work finds time to write popular novels which people continue to read through all the fluctuations of the fashions in fiction, shows himself to be, after all, most delightful when he speaks out of his own mouth instead of through one of his creations. His clever, thin face is full of worldly intelligence. When a stranger finds his way to Mr. Payn he is interested from the first moment, for he is sure to hear some bit of information or acute criticism, which may be so much stock in trade to the hearer in the daily business of living.

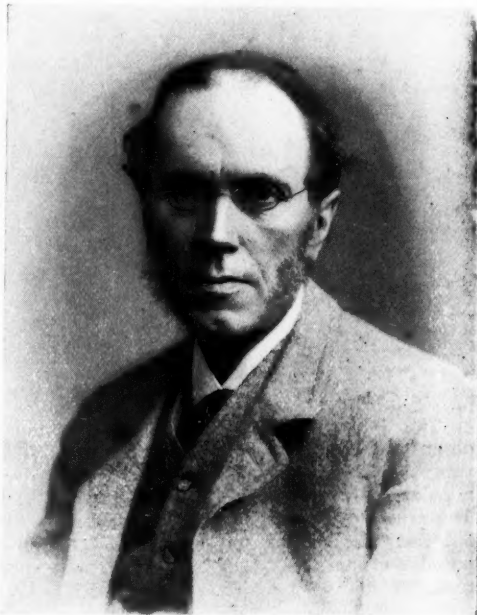
Everybody who has ever met Mr. Payn knows some story he has told. One of these is how Tennyson's "Timbuctoo" won a prize at Cambridge. The three examiners for the year were the vice chancellor, who was very wise on verse making, a mathematical professor, and a man who knew no poetry of any later date than the Christian era. It was agreed that they should take the undergraduates' compositions in turn, and write their opinions, "bad" or "good," on the margins. The vice chancellor had Tennyson's first, and when it came to the next man it was scored all over with "g's." The second examiner happened to be the mathematical professor, who did not pretend to know anything about poetry; so he simply indorsed the other "g's" by adding more. When the poem reached the classical scholar, he didn't understand it, but the others seemed so lost in admiration that he sprinkled in a few more "g's," and Tennyson took the prize.

It came out, later, that the first g's were really "q's," for "query?" The vice chancellor had not understood the poem, and did not believe that anybody else could understand it.

JAMES PAYN AS A DISCOVERER.

As the editor of two popular English magazines—first *Chambers'* and then the *Cornhill*—Mr. Payn has shown a remarkable knowledge of the tastes of the people. It would seem sometimes, as we read the stories that tell how the most popular

books have been rejected over and over again, that publishing houses need a "blind man," something like the man who deciphers the phonetic spelling in the dead letter office; some one who is critically blind to unessential details, and could



James Payn.

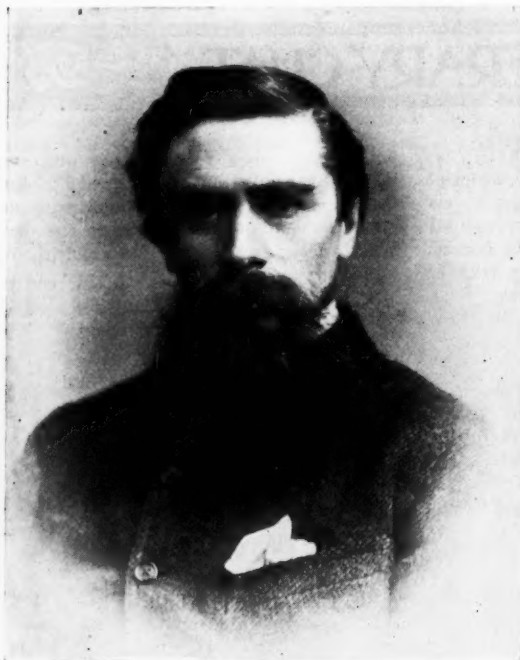
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

catch at the heart of a book. That heart is all that the general reader knows.

George Manville Fenn was one of Mr. Payn's editorial finds. Fenn had been a country school teacher, who married, and tried to earn a living for his family by printing a small magazine. It was a failure, and he turned to his pen. Nobody would accept his work until it came to Mr. Payn.

Mr. Payn's appreciation of fiction is founded upon what the editors of the *Yellow Book* would probably call old fashioned standards. He likes a novel with a story in it; a story which leads you on, which is full of life, courage, and the sort of intrigue whose effects are felt over night. It was these elements of Mr. Fenn's work that suited him.

Since then Fenn has written about two



George Manville Fenn.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

dozen three volume novels, besides as many books for boys, and they are all popular with everybody but the critics. The critics do not think much of them; but there are some books which are admired, and there are some books which are read. It may be that Mr. Fenn found it more profitable to write the latter.

"MY FIRST BOOK."

JEROME K. JEROME, who has the pleasant and profitable habit of receiving a valuable suggestion from almost every incident of his daily life, one day saw on a park bench a small boy whose face looked familiar. Mr. Jerome sat down beside him.

"I am going to be an author when I grow up," the child told him; and then Jerome understood why the little face was that of one he had known long ago. Thinking it over, it occurred to him that there must be a great many authors who remembered that boy, and the beginnings of things; and he asked twenty three of them to send to him the story of their first book. The collected records make an uncommonly entertaining volume.

James Payn is one of the contributors. Another is Robert Buchanan, who gives a

literary autobiography which is chiefly interesting as showing how radically his own view of his personality differs from that of his contemporaries, and as giving a very clever sketch of Bohemia in London in the days when Dickens walked the streets.

Buchanan was the friend of Peacock, of David Gray, of Lewes, and of George Eliot. He tells us that George Eliot took him aside one evening at her house, when Browning was there, and said, "What do you think of him? Does he come up to your ideal?" And Buchanan confesses that he *didn't*.

Buchanan is vastly entertaining, but he shows through all his narrative that conceit which made Trollope want to fling a decanter at his head, and which caused an eminent publisher to say, "I don't like that young man; he talked to me as if he was God Almighty, or even Lord Byron!"

Buchanan thinks that the profession of letters warps the intelligence. He gives an account of "taking down" George Eliot upon one occasion by telling her that it was good for distinguished people to be reminded now and then that they were of very small consequence in the mighty life of the world. He probably scolded his friends, then, just as he railed at the London public the other day, when his last play failed and sent him into bankruptcy.

Buchanan's estimate of fame reaches the depths of pessimism. He sneers at the Tennyson he did not succeed, as one who owed his success to his embodiment of the sentiments of the great middle class. He laments the days when he came up to London a penniless boy to see the world as fairyland. "There were cakes and ale, pipes and beer, and ginger was hot in the mouth, too. There were inky fellows and bouncing girls then; now there are only fine ladies and respectable, God fearing men of letters."

Which is, we beg to tell Mr. Buchanan, a very good thing, indeed.

THE WOMEN OF THE COMPANY.

At this same round table of Mr. Jerome's, Miss Braddon, John Strange Winter, and Marie Corelli have handed in their literary

experiences; and they are as interesting as anything here, because they are full of that detail of personal gossip which we all enjoy so much more than platitudes or "noble thoughts." Miss Braddon tells us that between the ages of eight and twelve

was asked to contribute five hundred dollars towards its publication, which she declined to do. Her first real book was "Cavalry Life," a collection of stories about soldiers, which has had some vogue since the days of "Bootles' Baby," because people are still



Mrs. Chambers McFall (Sarah Grand).

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

she had written a historical novel on the siege of Calais, an eastern story, a demon tale of the Harz mountains, and a domestic sketch. The revelation of her literary faith would make Mr. Howells gnash his teeth. "As if truth mattered in fiction!" she says.

John Strange Winter—or Mrs. Stannard, as she is known in private life—has, in the mind of the world, written only one book, and that is "Bootles' Baby." The story of the miles she traveled before she reached her success will probably be wholesome information to the young author who expects to clear Parnassus with a bound.

Her earliest story was not rejected, but she

hunting over the old ground for another little tale like that. Recently, like so many popular authors, Mrs. Stannard has gone into journalism, and is the editor of *Winter's Weekly*.

It is to be hoped that the would-be writer will not take the experiences of Miss Braddon and Miss Corelli as the average. We ourselves confess to being entirely unable to explain the success of the novels to which the latter has put her name. It may be that there is in them some subtle quality which the reviewer loses. Miss Corelli herself says that her first and best known book received only four notices, all brief and

distinctly unfavorable, and yet it is now in its seventh edition. At the time of its writing, Hall Caine was reader for Bentley's publishing house, and we may imagine the bitterness with which the author of the powerful "Manxman" would report upon the unavailability of "A Romance of Two Worlds." His criticisms, and those of

who goes to his house out of curiosity, or to find "material," always goes back again if he has the opportunity. The author of "Peace and War," and "Anna Karenina," has the same brain today out of which those books were written; and there comes to the intelligent visitor an insight into the seeming "crankiness" of the Russian.



Robert Buchanan.

From a photograph by Barraud, London.

the other readers, were so severe that Mr. Bentley could not believe that anything could be so bad, and decided to read the story himself. He accepted it.

Although ignored by the press, the book has been translated into half a dozen languages. Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick have written personal letters to its author, thanking her for the pleasure she has given them; and yet there has not been one editorial voice lifted to deny the half dozen lines in the *Morning Post* which called it "ridiculous" and "dull." Verily, the wants of the great world are past finding out.

TOLSTOI'S ECCENTRICITIES.

WE hear very little of the vagaries of Count Tolstoi in these days. Yet the man

Some of it is done for a specific purpose, concerning which Tolstoi has no intention of taking the world into his confidence. He has simple ideas of duty, and some other ideas which are complex. Under a government like that of Russia it is not given to all men to put into the peasantry such leaven as Tolstoi is putting, without doing things that somebody will fail to understand.

There is no doubt about Tolstoi's sense of humor continuing to exist. The other day Blumenthal, the great Berlin manager, was making him a visit, and Ibsen came up for discussion.

"I have put a great many of his plays on the stage," said Blumenthal, "but I cannot say I understand them. Do you?"

Tolstoi smiled and replied deliberately,

"Ibsen doesn't understand them himself. He just writes them, and then sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers come and tell him precisely what he meant."

SARAH GRAND COMING.

ANDREW LANG is lamenting that modern novels are becoming tracts on parish coun-

mestic tragedy in the garden. All this cry of modernness is false. The great old stories are as modern today as when they were written. We change our dress, that is all. Each generation is born without clothes, and must procure them, but the human form remains the same.

The tidings come that Madame Grand is coming over to give readings from the



Mrs. Arthur Stannard (John Strange Winter).

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

cils, free love, and other inflammatory topics. Good people are holding up their hands and moralizing over the tendencies of fiction, and to the conservatives it looks as though the end of all order was coming about.

They need give themselves no uneasiness. The present development is no more permanent than the fashion in sleeves or skirts. It is a fad, a vogue, and its careless and cheap imitators are making it too common to be lasting.

Men will continue to be men, and women will be women, with the same old human nature that was exhibited in the first do-

"Twins." We do not know whether her object is pecuniary remuneration for herself, or moral enlightenment for us; but in either case she needs to hasten, or a new prophet will have arisen in this fickle Israel of ours.

"MY PARIS NOTEBOOK."

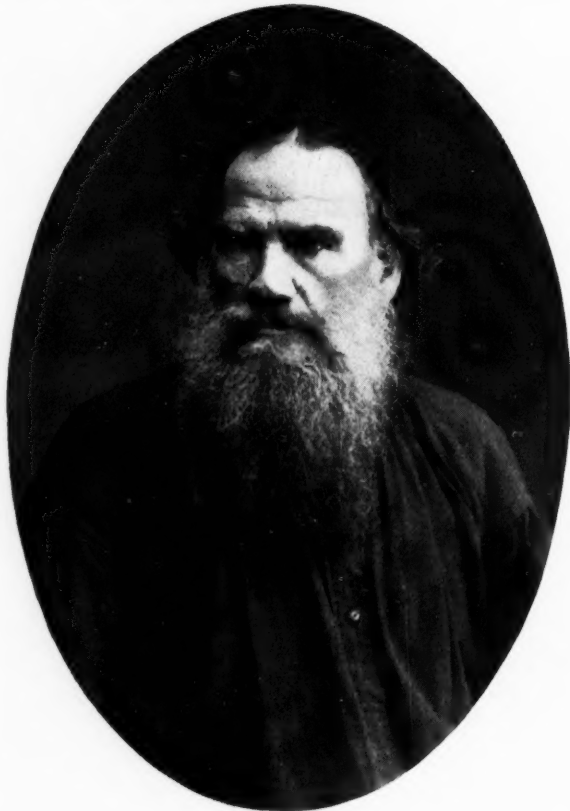
Two years ago the world was enjoying the sensation of "An Englishman in Paris"—that piquant book which contained so much that was evidently true, that the whole diplomatic corps of England was by the ears, and more than one distinguished man was obliged to disclaim its authorship. At

the time, in this department, we called it a compilation from many sources. As we pointed out, it would have been impossible for any one man to have known all the incidents given with such assurance.

The author, Mr. Van Dam, now brings out a fresh collection of gossip and stories

from old journals, from old books, from old story tellers. He has retold them, and given them a setting. We are enormously grateful to him, but we are not going to believe in him.

There is a field quite untouched, here in the United States, for a book of exactly the



Count Tolstói.

From a photograph by Scherer, Nabholz & Co., Moscow.

called "My Paris Notebook," in which incidentally he gives his ancestry. He seems to take a wicked delight in showing a gullible world how little judgment it has. He is a Dutchman, and he now makes the pretense of knowing the boulevards, and the streets which lead away from them, as intimately as he once pretended to know courts. He claims to have known everybody, to have seen everything, to have listened at keyholes, notebook in hand, putting down the secrets he overheard.

Mr. Van Dam is as entertaining as it is possible for a man to be, but he is a humbug, first and last. His stories are taken

same sort. Let some journalist take a year and travel through the South, and look over the old court records, talk to the old lawyers, read the old newspapers published when "personal journalism" did not mean a description of a man's laundry bill, but a biting tale about him; and then let the investigator write the "Personal Recollections of a Circuit Judge in the South."

Most of our statesmen of the early part of the century came from the South, and romance and wit were living there. A month spent in a library would get together a string of Washington stories that would be worth reading.

ETCHINGS

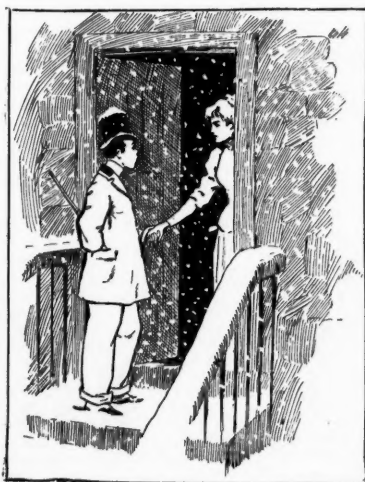
O'CONNELL'S AMENDMENT.

APROPOS of recent allegations of religious intolerance in public affairs, there is a story told of an episode in the parliamentary career of Daniel O'Connell. An English member named Thomas Massey, a fanatical opponent of Catholicism, moved in the House of Commons that the Roman word

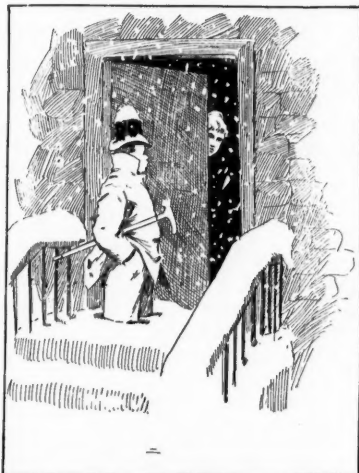
A PROLONGED FAREWELL.



NINE O'CLOCK.



TEN O'CLOCK.



ELEVEN O'CLOCK.



TWELVE O'CLOCK.

"mass" should be discontinued as part of the name of Christmas, and that the festival should thereafter be called by the more Saxon appellation of "Christ-tide." O'Connell rose to reply. He called the honorable gentleman's attention to the fact that his own name was "deplorably popish," and suggested that to be consistent, he should forthwith eliminate from it the syllable that offended him in the word

LITTLE WILLIE'S TRUMPET.



I—Grand Solo.

"Christmas," and substitute the Saxon "tide," thus transforming "Thomas Massey" into "Thotide Tidey."

Mr. Massey's motion never reached a vote.

THE LETTER.

HER heart was its forerunner,
She knew that he would speak;
Already had he won her
When blushes dyed her cheek.
At last she held his letter,
Its words—ah! did she guess?—
Before she broke its fetter
Her heart had answered—"Yes!"

A GOOD SHORT SERMON.

OF the remarkable group of intellectual leaders born in the year 1809—which included Tennyson, Darwin, and Holmes—



II—"Willie, I'll give you a quarter for that trumpet."

there remain today only Gladstone and John Stuart Blackie.

The veteran Scotch professor is perhaps an even more wonderful instance of vigorous old age than the famous statesman. Not long ago he was waiting for a train at a country station in Scotland. As he marched up and down the platform, whistling gaily, for all the world like a schoolboy going home for the holidays, a gentleman

who recognized the picturesque figure saluted him and said:

"Professor, may I ask the secret of your happiness?"

Professor Blackie replied, with a genial smile:

"Well, here it is: I have no vain regrets for the past, I look forward with hope to the future, and I strive to do my duty in the present. There you have it;" and he walked off, whistling as gaily as ever.

A CHALLENGE DECLINED.

A FIRE eating Frenchman, in a Parisian restaurant, chose to consider a remark made by an American traveler as a personal insult. Highly incensed, he offered the stranger his card, saying:



III—"Give us a quarter's worth of trumpets, please."

"This is my card, sir, and I shall be at home all day tomorrow."

"Sir," replied the American, "so shall I."

A LIGHTNING CHANGE.

It's nice to feel her little hand tucked underneath your arm,
Because it shows she trusts in you to shield her from all harm;
But while there is no greater joy than walking through the snow,
A measly little slide can change your pleasure into woe.



IV—Grand Chorus.



CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

From an Old Woodcut recently discovered by "Chip."



THE PERILS OF THE SLIDE.

LAURA—"How do you know that Alice's hair is all her own?"
 CLARA—"Because I was tobogganing with her yesterday."

PROOF POSITIVE.

A GENTLEMAN who lives in a Southern town the other day employed a carpenter to partition off a part of his study, and particularly instructed the workman to make the partition sound proof. The carpenter declared that he could do this effectually with a filling of sawdust.

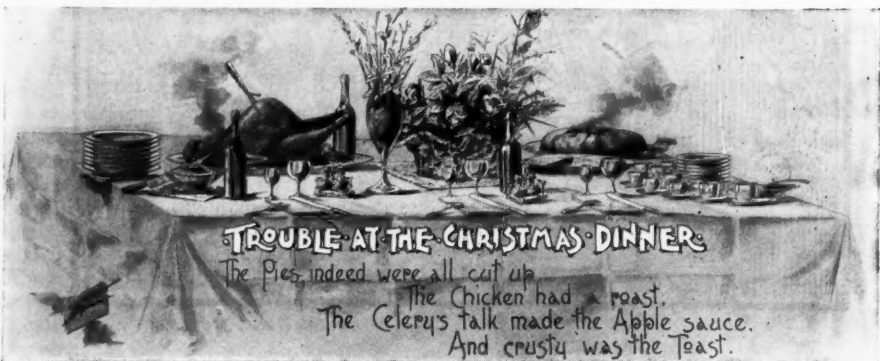
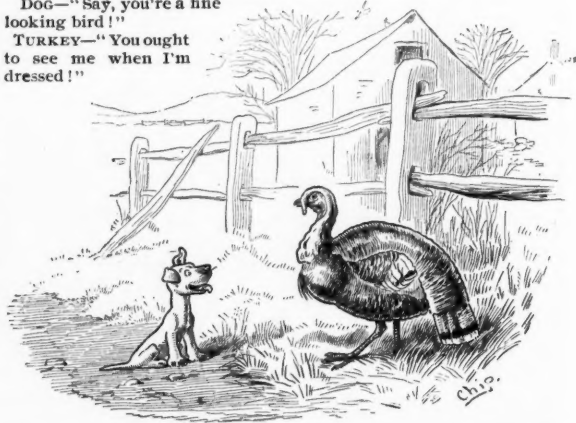
When it was finished, the gentleman stood on one side and called to the carpenter on the other: "Can you hear me, Smith?"

"No, sir, not a bit," was the prompt reply.

WHERE GOOD STUFF TELLS.

DOG—"Say, you're a fine looking bird!"

TURKEY—"You ought to see me when I'm dressed!"



TROUBLE AT THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

The Pies indeed were all cut up.
 The Chicken had a roast.
 The Celery's talk made the Apple sauce.
 And crusty was the Toast.

THE INSKIP PRIDE.

By George Madden Martin.

'PROUD as an Inskip!'" And there one stopped; the acme of pride had been reached.

When the last of the Inskips passed forth from the family mansion to descend by way of a suite of rooms in a private family, to two in a second rate boarding house, and then to a single room over a barber's shop, one would have expected the significance of the saying to wane with the Inskip fortunes. But "proud as an Inskip" was still whispered beneath one's breath as Miss Lavinia swept up the aisle of old Christ Church to the family pew.

Though passed into that indefinite period, middle age, her step had not lost the sprightly stateliness, the graceful yet insolent abandon so significant of her character as a girl; a character entirely given to impulse, yet using its Inskip pride as an impenetrable armor from which to witness the results of its own indifference to consequences. Miss Lavinia's career was a thing of public reminiscence; a thing to be brought up and aired and told of for the astonishment and edification of the present generation; talked of with that keen relish with which things helping to make history are always related.

Of her insolence? They will tell you how, when Richly, that Midas of the North, pressing her for an answer as they stood together at the bow of a great Mississippi steamboat, made mention of his enormous wealth—they will tell you how Miss Inskip, gazing abstractedly into the blue distance, drew from the purse at her belt a banknote, numbering at least three figures. Then, letting the wind catch it from her white fingers and carry it fluttering over the river's yellow expanse, she turned and left old Richly, red with anger, to digest his answer as best he might.

Daring? Another story is of a wretched youth whose adoration was so mixed with fear that, at her command, he meekly descended from his horse, that a fugitive slave might mount in his place; and while she rode on some twenty miles to aid the poor wretch's escape, the young man walked the wooded roadside half the night

in mental anguish, dreading to disobey her command to await her return. And be it said, it was not he who finally told of the story. Oh, yes, certainly she owned slaves herself! Her excuse? The fugitive, driven from his hiding place by hunger, had appealed to her from the roadside, throwing himself on her mercy.

And for wit, that mask of ugliness, old Colonel Cognac is still known as "Apolinaris Belvidere"—an instance of Miss Lavinia's satire.

Was she beautiful? Ask this generation's fathers. Indeed, it is whispered that not one of our mothers but accepted her lord's heart and hand after those articles had been laid in vain at the feet of Miss Lavinia Inskip. In her time she slew her thousands and her tens of thousands. Tradition says the present owner of the old Inskip mansion, Judge Richard Alexander, whom every Sunday sees in his place at old Christ Church, has never looked at woman since.

This last is one of the stories oftenest told, perhaps because of the opportunity it affords to describe the famous ball at the Inskip mansion. Three thousand dollars in roses on the ball room walls alone, they say; while in the dining room, the center piece of fruits, flowers, and spun sugar mounted to the dangling prisms of the chandelier, and the elaborate supper surrounding it cost as many more thousands.

On that night Richard Alexander, younger then by some thirty years, handsome, poor, fresh from the country, full of faith in everything, Lavinia included, seemed to have been chosen to be her especial victim and diversion. With her eyes she would summon him, that her red lips might mock him. Did he leave her in anger, her handkerchief was dropped at his feet, as if by accident, as she waltzed by; or, catching his moody eye, her sweetest smile would float back, to lure him to her again. Were he her partner—and full half her card was his—it was to dance a single turn, her perfumed hair intoxicatingly near his face, then to tire, that she might bestow the remainder of the dance on some other of her attendant throng, until, between hope and

doubt, young Alexander's passionate heart beat beyond control.

It was in the yard—the beautiful old yard about the mansion, where she had led him, the wild south wind blowing her yellow gauzes from her arms, her throat—that he, having torn a thorny length of bloom from a climbing yellow brier, with sudden daring caught its two ends and held it, crown-like, about her head. With insolent consciousness of her beauty, she threw her head back, bringing her mocking, upturned face near to his. Then, seeing the wild look of daring that sprang to his eyes, she laughed lightly and flipped him in the face, with the gloves she held, as one might correct one's dog.

Taunted beyond endurance, they say, he seized her in his arms and kissed her. With a moment's pause, while the Inskip pride gathered its force, she snatched the thorny switch of brier and struck him across the face, not once, but many times—he standing white and motionless, after the first stroke, until her passion spent itself.

After that, young Alexander passed out of the social life of the place, and the career of Miss Lavinia Inskip became more than ever celebrated. Stories without number are told of this period of her life. Once, it is said, at an accepted suitor's jealous remonstrances, she slipped his ring from her finger, tossed the costly bauble through the open window, and left the wretched man, metaphorically, to follow. She quarreled with another only a few days from the altar, and distributed the costly trousseau, the talk of the county, among her negro girls. And so they went, all these traditions—all of them telling how she and wealth and wit and beauty and insolent pride were one—she whose all was now within the four walls of a room over a barber's shop.

* * * * *

Old Christ Church had again come into fashionable favor, and its sittings were in demand; so much had been done for it by the presence of a new and young assistant rector and a surpliced choir. Years had passed since rent had been paid for the Inskip pew, yet no one had thought to question Miss Lavinia's right to sit there. To-day her generation was fast thinning out. The old rector was abroad; Miss Lavinia's pew was wanted, and the young assistant, calmly assuming the prerogatives and duties of the sleepy and inert vestry, saw no reason why it should not be taken. There were numerous single sittings vacant, he reasoned, and in a prettily worded note to Miss Lavinia he intimated as much, at the

same time neglecting to mention the matter to his vestry.

Did Miss Lavinia ever receive that note? It would have been hard for those to decide who saw her walk into church that next Sunday, her India shawl so adjusted on the sloping shoulders as to make the best display of the old silk dress, her slender hands folded on the faded velvet prayer book, her once auburn hair streaked to a yellow gray, but her eyes as bright as in the days of their insolent youth. With the old stateliness, and just a touch of the old abandon, she walked the length of the aisle, and her strong soprano voice rose in the chant as usual, from the cushioned interior of the Inskip pew.

That week it was whispered around that a piece of the Inskip burying ground in the cemetery was offered for sale—that large entrance plot with its famous purple beeches, which in the old days boasted such a display of flower beds and shrubbery. Afterwards it came to light that the young rector had called on Miss Lavinia that same week to explain the point, and to request her to resign her pew for a smaller one. Miss Lavinia received his views in silence, made no protest, and he left, apparently sure of her acquiescence. Yet on the following Sunday she took her usual place with an air which those who knew her recognized as Inskipian, and could have interpreted as declaring defiance to the last degree.

That very week the ground in the cemetery was disposed of, and the entire proceeds of the sale were proffered the vestry of Christ Church in payment of the debt on the Inskip pew, to the unbounded astonishment of that slow going body. Had the young minister known of this transaction, the matter would have ended there; but as it happened, he did not, Miss Inskip not considering him at all in connection with the matter. But in the mean time, regarding his audience with her as final, he had signified to a new and wealthy parishioner that the large rental offered for the pew was accepted, the details of the arrangement to be referred to the vestry at their next meeting.

About this time two contrary versions of the story began to be whispered abroad. On the following Sunday, which happened to be Easter Day, the large congregation felt an apprehensive thrill as Miss Lavinia entered—perhaps intentionally—a little late. It watched her sweep up the long central aisle, it saw her stop as she reached the Inskip pew, filled to the very door with the

family of the rich parishioner, happily unconscious of the position they had unwittingly assumed. Here its very pulse seemed to pause with Miss Lavinia. She stopped. Her face was deadly pale. The pews on either hand were filled. She threw her head back; she turned to go.

Then the pulse of the congregation came back with a bound. Judge Alexander—once the young Richard Alexander—had stepped into the aisle as she came down, had met her, was pointing through the open door to his empty pew. She faltered, she raised her glance to his. Could it be tears in an Inskip's eye? Then she shook her head, walked with stately haughtiness down the aisle of old Christ Church and out of its doors.

Overcoat deliberately folded upon arm, silk hat in hand, the judge closed the door of his pew and left also. Throughout the church, here and there, old members rose and silently followed his example. The young rector stumbled, repeated himself, and the Easter service went on.

* * * * *

Miss Lavinia had gone home on feet that scarcely seemed to touch the pavements, so swift was her stately speed. She had locked herself and her pride behind the narrow door that was her barrier between the things of today and the world of yesterday.

Real Valenciennes on cotton, a Grecian urn amid the barber's pomades, pearls on his vulgar wife, were not more out of place than Miss Lavinia in that small room. An epigrammatic acquaintance once said that in her youth she questioned the right of nature to expect the Inskips to draw breath for themselves. Now, she folded the old shawl with careful, almost reverent hands, fearful of the time when it should be worn out. She wrapped the velvet prayer book in a linen cambric handkerchief of cobweb fineness, that its silver clasps might not tarnish. Then, as surges of wounded pride swept over her afresh, Miss Lavinia walked the floor, her thin hands clenched at either side.

"An Inskip expected deference of Heaven itself!" She had laughed when she heard such things, but in her insolent heart she had gloried that there was truth in them. Was not every Inskip taught these things from birth? Had she not imbibed them, and lived up to them, until to her they were part of the plan of creation itself? Had not her childhood's fancies, her girlhood's friendships, her woman's heart, been crushed beneath this Inskip pride? Her woman's heart—

Old as she was, a blush that scorched her soul burned over Miss Lavinia's face. He, whom she had humiliated past forgiveness, for very hatred of the knowledge that her love was won where it might not be given—he, today, had witnessed her humiliation, and, hardest of all to endure, had offered her his protection!

What was it she had seen in his eyes as they looked into hers for the first time in thirty years? Was it triumph? Was it pity? They were too glowing for pity, too tender for triumph. God help her to still the heart that cried the truth—it was love! After thirty silent years it was love!

But even now, her pride could not allow him that! "It is not all his," she cried. "I have been faithful, too. To one after another I tried to give myself, but I could not—I could not! I have been faithful, too"—A sob in an Inskip's voice, tears stealing between the thin fingers from an Inskip's eyes!

There was a knock. She had refused the dinner brought to her room. Could hours have passed, was it the barber's wife bringing her supper? Miss Lavinia opened the door. It was to receive the tray of food, upon which lay an envelope. And the handwriting upon that envelope she had not forgotten in all these years!

"He had loved her always," said the note. "Would she let him come to her?"

No! All was his today, that had once been hers. She had followed his career—would the world have believed it behind such icy indifference of manner? She had read of him as the masterful, self contained, successful man of law, and she knew too well that wealth, position, name, her very home, was his; even such of her old servants as were living now served him, and she had nothing but her pride! And in the long night, walking the floor, opening her window to the warm south wind, she hugged it close. It had been parent, lover, child—all that is given woman to love; and it should be her companion until death.

"No," she wrote him at daybreak, "no. Yet she owed him this—would he forgive her for the past?" Here for the moment her heart beat stronger than pride.

When the letter was gone, she would have recalled it, to erase that last sentence, but it was too late. The barber's wife had taken it on her road to market.

Was this the end? Would he reply? Why should she care? Pride had ended it now—forever. She must get her needle. "He that works not, neither shall he eat"—strange philosophy for an Inskip tongue!

And yet, if indeed it was ended, why should her heart beat so when the barber's wife came to her door that afternoon?

"The judge, he is below, in the parlor behind the shop," the woman explained.

"I cannot see him. Tell him so."

Yet again, grumbling audibly, the barber's wife returned. "He will not go. 'Tell her,' he says—'tell her I am waiting, and will wait until she comes,'"

"You must insist. I will not come." The woman's face threatened mutiny, for she was not paid for service. Miss Lavinia hesitated, in despair. Her thimble caught her eye—thin, worn, pricked into holes, yet it was gold. She pressed it into the woman's hand. "Explain to him that I will not come—make him go!"

To her door again and still again the woman returned. "He is waiting, he bids me say, and will wait until you come."

The afternoon dragged by. Towards evening the barber's wife rebelled. Something must be done. She had company invited, and her parlor she wanted and would have. So she told Miss Lavinia in no gentle tones. The Inskip pride writhed under such insolence. Was this retribution, coming now, step by step? The woman's angry voice shrilled higher.

Miss Lavinia arose. "Hush," she begged, "he will hear you. I will go down and dismiss him."

White, stately, yet trembling strangely, Miss Lavinia walked through the barber's shop, which smelled more loudly than ever of scented soaps and hair oils, into the little parlor behind.

The old—or was it the young?—Richard Alexander turned. Ah, yes, it is the young Richard, tender, ardent, glowing, though his hair is gray!

She tried to motion him back, but his arms are about her—he has kissed her. Oh, memories of a night so long ago! Oh, youth—oh, love!

The Inskip pride came rushing to her lips; it trembled for utterance, it fell dying into a broken cry. "It has been my pride," she sobbed. "I have always loved you, Richard!"

* * * * *

The judge brought his wife into church on his arm the first Sunday after they were married. Nor did it seem ostentatious—the rich dress, the silken wrap, the fine accessories; it seemed only as it should be—Miss Lavinia had come into her own again.

The over zealous young minister had been taught the limits of his authority by an aroused and indignant vestry. The silver name plate was restored to the family pew, but Miss Lavinia, no longer an Inskip, sat with the judge. Evidencing that quality which the hymn book attributes to pride, the Inskip family pew remained—empty.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

[*Ten years ago.*]

SHE was a maid divinely fair,
But not divinely tall—
For Nellie of the golden hair
Was eight years old last fall;
And I, a boy of twelve or so,
To tease the little miss,
In sport beneath the mistletoe
Gave her a thoughtless kiss.

[*Today.*]

Years pass, each bringing as of old
Its merry Yuletide scene;
The wee maid with the locks of gold
Is now a radiant queen.
She's changed, and I have changed; but oh,
Most changed of all is this—
Our lips meet 'neath the mistletoe—
What rapture in that kiss!

Douglas Hemingway.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

OF all the striking features of last month's elections, one of the most striking was the result of the local contest in New York. Side by side with this fact may be set another—that never before have women taken so active and prominent a part in the discussion of the political questions of the metropolis. They organized and held large public meetings; they delivered speeches, and listened to speeches; they went about electioneering. They showed ability and self control, and their actions evoked little criticism even in the heat of the campaign. Their influence was felt as a unit upon one side of the electoral contest; they were wholly identified with the movement upon whose banners was inscribed the motto of municipal reform.

They could not vote, and the recent Constitutional Convention left them without any near prospect of obtaining the suffrage. They proved, however, that their power is by no means dependent upon the possession of the ballot. Just to what extent they contributed to the victory of the party for which they fought, it is not easy to say; but that their influence was felt, and powerfully felt, is indisputable. The mayor elect is on record as attributing his success "in great part to the moral support given by the women of our city," and his polite acknowledgment was probably justified by the facts of the case.

It will be difficult—nay, it will be impossible, to keep woman out of the field of public affairs if she has made up her mind to enter it; and she should have the right to enter it. The Constitutional Convention's refusal to submit to the people the question of her enfranchisement was an action unworthy of a body of men of such high standing, and revealed a density of prejudice that was indeed lamentable.

THE ESSENCE OF AUTOCRACY.

ONE sentence from the proclamation issued by Nicholas II of Russia, on his ascending the throne last month, concentrates within its seven lines the whole essence of the monarchical idea.

"May we be consoled," this stripling autocrat says, "by the consciousness that our sorrow is the sorrow of the whole of our beloved people, and may the people not

forget that the strength and stability of holy Russia lies in her loyalty to us and her unbounded devotion to us."

How strange these words sound to Americans, living under institutions whose very corner stone is trust in the people to govern themselves! Upon this faith in the people has been built the greatest government, the most prosperous nation, on earth. Its success has proved monarchy an anachronism.

Its lesson has been learned in greater or less degree by all the great nations of the earth, except Russia, "holy Russia" forsooth! There the national soul lies, crushed under the weight of an absolute autocrat's throne. In that one thought of Nicholas II is planted the root of the old tree that has for so long borne the evil fruit of official injustice, popular ignorance, and political degradation.

In the case of autocracy versus democracy, the history of this century has rendered an unmistakable verdict.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

WRITING to Miss Edgeworth, Sir Walter Scott once said: "It seems to me that you attach too much importance to literature and to literary people. Let me tell you that I have had the privilege of knowing some of the most celebrated men and women of my time, and that I have derived more satisfaction and comfort from the conversation and example of the poor, unlettered, hard working people than from all the wisdom of the learned folks. I have heard finer sentiments and seen finer lives among the poor people than I have ever seen or heard of anywhere outside the pages of the Bible. Believe me, my dear, all human learning is mere moonshine compared with the culture of the heart."

There are many signs that the intelligent world is approaching nearer and nearer to these views of Scott. Character tells; and a man's moral worth is, after all, his only claim among men to permanent trust and friendship.

EDUCATION AND DISCIPLINE.

DISCIPLINE is a quality in which the American national character is, generally speaking, deficient. We are so free—happy nation!—that foreign critics tell us our freedom slops over, and we are intolerant

of the restraints necessary to the well being of the community at large. Individualism finds its highest development with us. Even with the trained veterans of our civil war, soldierly discipline always had a spice of independence. The rank and file, though seldom backward to "do and die," never quite renounced the constitutional privilege of "reasoning why."

It has been urged that this lack of discipline begins at home, in the domestic training of our young people. Indeed, the sweeping proposition has been advanced that very few parents know how to bring up their offspring, and that the supervision of all children should be vested in some form of public authority. There is food for reflection in this stricture. The family is a heaven sent institution, the firm foundation of social order. All attempts to form a society upon any other basis have uniformly failed; yet it does not follow that it has not its failings, its disadvantages, its weak points, like every other institution which, though heaven sent, is embodied in erring human nature. Education—using the term in its broader sense—should perhaps be made less a function of the family, and more a function of the community, than we have hitherto made it.

Another suggestion that looks toward a similar end is the plea for a more general extension of military instruction. Congress has of late given recognition to this idea by liberal provisions for the detailing of army officers to schools and colleges. "It would be a blessing," said General Swift, who graduated at West Point at the beginning of this century, and who was afterwards the Academy's superintendent, "to have our schools enabled to turn out their pupils instructed, in addition to other and usual elementary matters, in the knowledge and duties of a citizen to support and defend the state." And the benefit would be not to the government only, but to those who in their formative years would receive a practical lesson in the salutary quality of discipline.

REALISM IN POETRY.

AN English critic falls foul of two of the most famous of all Longfellow's poems—"Excelsior" and the "Psalm of Life." He urges that it is ridiculous to call upon the public to admire a purposeless and misguided youth who attempted to carry a flag up the Alps in the nighttime—with a disastrous result which any person of ordinary intelligence would have foreseen. Nor is it more logical, he argues, to attribute sub-

limity to the action of leaving footsteps on the sands—a feat habitually and unostentatiously accomplished by gulls and crabs—where the next flood tide will utterly and inevitably obliterate such futile attempts to achieve immortality.

This is a rather amusing instance of a certain sort of criticism run wild. Its absurdity is manifest, and yet it is the natural outcome of certain theories that have been widely proclaimed as the laws of literature. If fidelity to the observed facts of life is the true standard of fiction, then the strict requirements of logic may well be made the test of poetic metaphor. Banish the romantic from our stories, and we should also exclude the fanciful from our lyrics.

Fortunately, neither proscription is at all likely to be carried into effect. These are the days when the romantic in literature—the strong, the stirring, the imaginative, the ennobling—flourishes, and holds the ear of the great world, while "realism" and "veritism" are the languishing cults of the select few. The ideal is not dead, and never will die while the human race lives and thinks and hopes and fears and dreams.

WINTER CLOTHING.

Is it true that most Americans wear too much heavy clothing in winter? Such is the opinion of an observer who backs up his views with arguments that certainly possess force. Do we not, he asks, heat our rooms—at least in city houses—well up to their temperature in ordinary summer weather? Why, then, should we also swathe ourselves in blanket-like woolen fabrics, perhaps three or four times as thick and heating as the garments we wear in July? When we go out of doors in winter, of course we need greater warmth; but the logical way to secure it is to put on a wrap or overcoat. Heavy suits worn indoors only result in overheating, with a consequent chill when we leave the shelter of the house.

It may be urged that it is our dwellings that are commonly made too warm, and there is some truth in the charge; but as it is impossible to regulate the temperature of every house one may be called upon to enter, the wisest course is to use common sense moderation in the wearing of thick clothes.

Put up an umbrella when it rains, but not before; and on the same principle don your heavy garments as an outer covering for outdoor, not indoor, use.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

I WOULD BURN IT INTO THE MINDS OF THE PEOPLE.

If there is any one thing more than another, connected with Munsey's Magazine, that I would wish to burn into the minds of the people, it is the fact—the great big, insurmountable, uncircumventable fact—that there is scarcely a family anywhere to which money means so much—ten cents means so much—that it cannot well afford to exchange ten cents a month for the art and the refinement and the information and the pleasure that a copy of Munsey's will bring to the fireside.

FRANK A. MUNSEY.

THIS TIME 400,000.

LAST month we stated that we should print for November 300,000 magazines. This month we make the figures 400,000—a gain in a single month of 100,000. Stupendous, inconceivable, beyond compare!

But in justice to the November number, we should say that the issue ran into three editions, bringing the total up to 350,000. The first edition was 300,000, as stated, but before a single copy had been issued the demand was so great that we were compelled to order the plates back on the press. 25,000 extra copies were printed, and still again we were compelled to go to press with an additional 25,000. As October reached a total of 290,000, November's gain was 60,000. And now we start off with 400,000 for December, which is a clear gain of 100,000 over the first edition last month. To what point the total figures this month may run we will not even hazard a prediction. It lies with you individually to say what this total shall be, for it is our readers who are the best friends of the magazine—our readers, who could by a slight individual effort lift the circulation of MUNSEY'S to a round million in a single month.

HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

WOULD you like to see MUNSEY'S bound forward this month to the half million point?

DON'T FORGET THIS.—If you will show MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to your friends and secure for us five new subscribers, sending us one dollar for each name, we will give you a year's subscription free for yourself in return for your trouble.

If so, you can help to put it there. *There isn't a reader of this magazine who could not be the means of adding from one to three new readers.* It would cost you to do this—what? Merely a few words to your friends regarding the merits of MUNSEY'S—a few words saying what you think of MUNSEY'S.

How does it strike you? Do you feel inclined to do this? Do the merits of the magazine warrant you in doing it?

WE CANNOT SAY WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE.

WE cannot say at this writing what this Christmas issue will be in point of excellence. We know what it should be; what we have planned to have it, paid to have it. But it all remains with the printers now. Editorially and artistically the work has been done; generously, carefully done. If the printing comes up to a high standard—and this is the standard we demand—this issue of MUNSEY'S will at least begin to suggest that we had some idea of what our words meant when we said a year ago that it was possible to make and sell a magazine of the highest grade at ten cents, and sell it at a profit. Every month we are approaching a higher standard; every month we are spending more money on art and editorial work; every month we shall continue to do this, and every month we shall continue to sell MUNSEY'S for ten cents—the right price for a magazine.

WITH AN APOLOGY.

Munsey's has reached a degree of success that has set on fire the brain of the imitator. We apologize for the use of the word "brain."

JUST A SUGGESTION.

THE holidays are bearing down upon us. Some of us possibly are not very impatient for their coming. It depends mainly, perhaps, upon the multiplicity of one's relations and the thickness of his pocketbook.

The easiest way out is usually the best way, and that easiest way this year—easiest beyond all question—is found in the opportunity we offer you to give a good deal—

to give a most welcome present for a very little money.

We refer to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and to the bound volumes of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, as per advertisement on another page.

We will venture to say that you may ransack New York and all her big sister cities; you may think till you are upon the verge of insanity; you may search from one end of the continent to the other, and you cannot buy for one dollar anything that would give your wife or relatives or friends, rich or poor, so much satisfaction—so many hours of pleasure, as can be had from a year's subscription to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

EDGAR ALLEN POE SAW MUNSEY'S FIFTY YEARS AGO.

EDGAR ALLEN POE, the most brilliant mind in early American literature, wrote in 1844 to his friend Anthon :

"Before quitting the *Messenger* [the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Charleston] I saw, or fancied I saw, through a long and dim vista, the brilliant field for ambition which a magazine of bold and noble aims presented to him who should successfully establish it in America. I perceived that the country, from its very constitution, could not fail of affording in a few years a larger proportionate amount of readers than any upon the earth. I perceived that the whole energetic, busy spirit of the age tended wholly to magazine literature—to the curt, the terse, the well timed, and the readily diffused, in preference to the old forms of the verbose and the ponderous and the inaccessible."

We once heard Bishop Newman utter this epigram : "Prophecy is history foretold ; history is prophecy fulfilled." This epigram finds apt illustration in the manner in which, fifty years ago, Poe foresaw the MUNSEY'S of today.

OUR ADVERTISING PAGES.

THE ideal magazine should be the expression of the latest and best in all phases of contemporary development—in action as well as in thought, in invention and commerce as well as in literature and art. To this expression, this composite picture of the activities of the hour, every page, from cover to cover, has its contribution to make.

As it is the aim of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to reflect the best of contemporary thought,

so also it is equally our policy to keep in line with the business interests of the country. Herein lies the function of our advertising department—a function that is neither unimportant nor uninteresting. We aim to present in it a photograph of contemporaneous American and foreign enterprise; and as such it must have, for the reader who rightly interprets it, an interest that is unique.

In these pages devoted to business announcements there are represented many millions of money and untold combinations of human energy and intelligence. What thoughts they suggest to the student of our social and industrial fabric! This is the day when commerce and manufactures have supplanted war as the foremost of human undertakings; when they have made science their handmaid, and have allied themselves to learning as the highest field of endeavor.

With such an ideal in view, MUNSEY'S desires the patronage only of representative advertisers; and it urges upon its readers the advantage of noting the advertisements in each issue of the magazine. Each advertiser believes he has something worth your knowledge, worth your thought, and possibly worth your money. All he asks is that you hear him. He trusts to the merit of his goods to do the rest.

Read the advertising pages of MUNSEY'S, and you will keep abreast of the times.

FRANK P. W. BELLEW.

We record with deep regret the death of Frank P. W. Bellew, who, over the familiar signature of "Chip," has made many happy moments for our readers as they have gazed upon the droll creations of his pen. He died on November 6, after a very brief illness, and almost the last, if not the last work he did, was the two sketches that appear in the Etchings Department this month, and a series that we shall print in our next issue.

Mr. Bellew's talent occupied a field peculiar unto itself, and the public will not soon forget its marked characteristics. His dogs—almost omnipresent in his drawings—were fairly classic, and made him a prime favorite with the children, while his clear, graphic style—a few lines were all he needed to accomplish his purpose—insured him the popularity that waits on simplicity.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people in various parts of the country who have subscribed to MUNSEY'S through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.



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"Forget me not."

From the painting by Gustav Schröder—By permission of the Berlin Photographie Company, 44 East 23d St., New York.